

MARCH 19, 1984

# TIME

PRAYER AND  
POLITICS

**MICHAEL  
JACKSON**

**Why  
He's a  
Thriller**

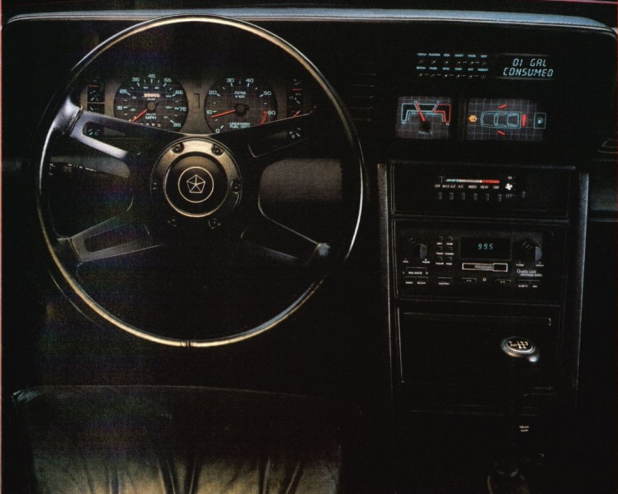
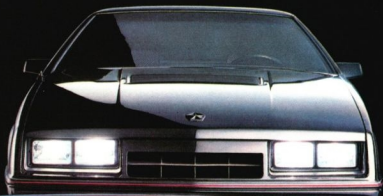
**Inside  
His  
World**



724-04

# "WHAT THE FIREBIRD AND CAMARO COULD HAVE BEEN."

-CAR AND DRIVER, SEPTEMBER, '85†





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"...Dodge has proved that a small, turbo-charged front-wheel-drive car can be considered the potential equal of the fabled rear-wheel-drive V-8's."

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SEPTEMBER '85

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*CAR AND DRIVER*  
JULY '85

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*MOTOR TREND*  
JULY '85

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*POPULAR MECHANICS*  
JULY '85

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*AUTO WEEK*  
AUGUST 22, '85

"Dodge's Daytona Turbo Z is one U.S.-built, U.S.-legal, world-quality sports car."

*SPORTS CAR GRAPHIC*  
JANUARY '84

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*CAR AND DRIVER*  
JANUARY '84

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\$11,494. Sticker prices exclude taxes and destination charges. Interior on previous page contains options.

**BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY**

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**Dodge** **AN  
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REVOLUTION.**



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**BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY**

## A Letter from the Publisher

As TIME's Los Angeles-based Show Business correspondent, Denise Worrrell has often contended with the problem of gaining access to press-shy stars. "The hardest thing about reporting in Hollywood," she says, "is penetrating the thicket of people surrounding celebrities. Stars get heat rash in the constant glare of public scrutiny. If they do not have a thick skin, they get a thick entourage." Despite the difficulties presented by this fortress mentality, there is a need for it. Says Worrrell: "Celebrities build barriers to protect themselves from the overcurious public. Unfortunately, a barrier can turn into a prison, an enchanted prison but nonetheless a prison."

One celebrity who never risks unaccompanied strolls is Pop Singer Michael Jackson, the subject of this week's cover story. Jackson has become increasingly reclusive, avoiding interviews and using his family's palatial home in Encino, Calif., as a hideaway. When Worrrell started working on the story, even Jackson's friends and family declined to speak with her. But just when it seemed that the entourage had erected an impenetrable shield, several people close to Jackson relented. Joseph and Katherine Jackson, Michael's parents, granted Worrrell their first interviews in five years. And

even though Michael himself continued to be elusive, Worrrell remained an admirer. Says she: "At the worst times, when I was the most frustrated, I would hear his *Billie Jean* on the radio, or his *Beat It* video would come on MTV. Then all the frustration would evaporate, and I would have to smile."

One of the chores taken on by Deborah Kaplan, who also reported on the story from Los Angeles, was a canvass of Jackson's neighbors. Again that shield. Says Kaplan: "I braved iron gates, intercom mumbblings and dogs, and met glares Boris Karloff would have envied. None of those neighbors would talk to me."

New York City-based Reporter-Researcher Elaine Dutka interviewed music-industry performers, critics and producers in an effort to put the Jackson phenomenon in perspective. Says she: "Jackson is a master entrepreneur. He has an uncanny sense of what the public wants and surrounds himself with top-notch artists and advisers."

Contributor Jay Cocks, a veteran rock critic who wrote the cover story, says: "There will be tremendous pressure for Jackson to top himself with his next album. But as long as he maintains his family's support and his spiritual strength, I think he has some very creative years ahead of him."



Denise Worrrell visits Joseph Jackson

DAVID WOFFER/GETTY

*John A. Meyers*

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A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE FROM THE INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE

## Letters

### Chernenko Debut

To the Editors:

With the emergence of Konstantin Chernenko in the Kremlin [WORLD, Feb. 27], the U.S. thinks it can now deal with the "new leadership." The Soviet Union is still controlled by the same circle that has been guiding the country all the while. Under Chernenko, the U.S.S.R. may deviate only a few degrees from its former course. Nevertheless, we must continue to urge the Soviets to steer in the right direction.

Raul G. Lacson  
Chicago



As a Polish-born American, I want to add to your analysis of Chernenko. The new leader has a round face, indicating a stubbornness that is typical of a Russian peasant. In spite of this, people from this background are easier to negotiate with and to handle. They are emotional, honest and, if properly approached, rational. In contrast to Chernenko, Yuri Andropov had the profile of a Western intellectual, and this image initially misled the world. There is no mask on Chernenko.

Stanley Nawakowski  
Kalamazoo, Mich.

After reading your article on Soviet youth, I was disturbed and yet hopeful. It is upsetting to see bright young people prohibited from learning about the world in which they live. But I believe that man's natural thirst for the truth ultimately prevails, and this faith gives me hope.

Rick C. Reckord III  
San Francisco

### Olympic Finale

Although some may resent the self-assured comments of Olympic Downhill Racer Bill Johnson [SPORT, Feb. 27], I would rather listen to Johnson's confident, funny remarks than the false humility and excuses mounded by the other athletes. So many of the skiers on the international circuit are born with either silver spoons in their mouths or ski resorts

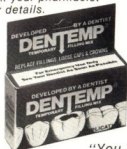
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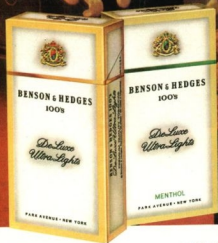
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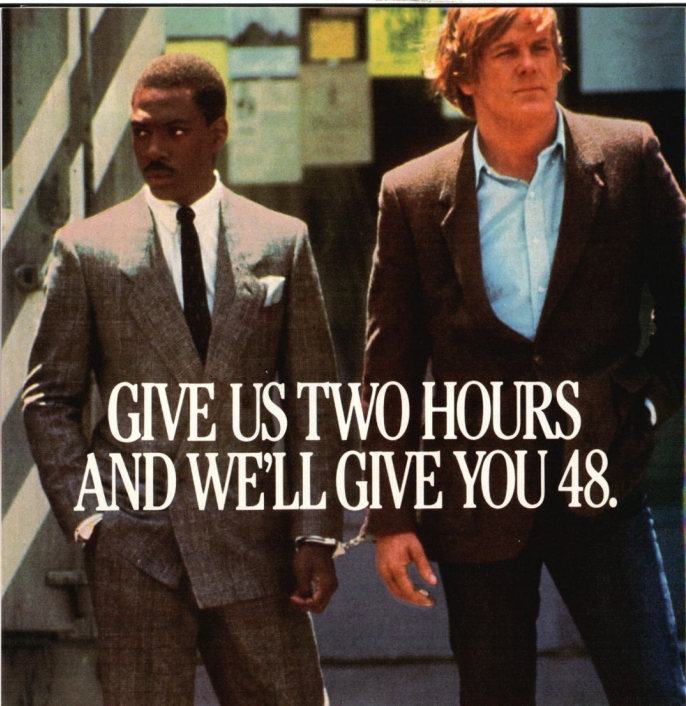


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## Letters

in their backyards. Johnson had none of the advantages of his more famous and well-liked competitors. Still, he managed to fight his way to the top. He is a great American athlete.

*Beth Leavenworth  
Torrance, Calif.*

It is refreshing to see someone like Johnson who knows his own worth and is not afraid to tell everyone else know it.

*Claudia Horwitz  
Philadelphia*

The Olympics are a meaningless competition in which the amateurs of some countries compete against the professionals of other nations.

*Walt Stevens  
Alpine, Texas*

The U.S. should get serious about the Olympics. I suggest our income tax forms be modified to delete the presidential election campaign donation and instead provide for a contribution to an Olympic training fund.

*Richard T. Gillis  
Warner Robins, Ga.*

You neglected to give one interesting statistic. The state of Washington produced half the American medalists: Phil Mahre, Steve Mahre, Rosalynn Summers and Debbie Armstrong. It was also involved with a fifth. Bill Johnson, who went to skiing school in the state. Maybe Washington should have entered on its own.

*Bram Wessel  
Bremerton, Wash.*

I have been cheering for the Mahre twins for years and know which one is which. You ran a picture of Steve when you meant to run one of Phil in the slalom race that brought him gold. The conventional wisdom for telling the twins apart is that Phil wears blue goggles (both Phil and blue have four letters) and Steve wears white goggles (both name and color have five letters). The Mahre twin in your picture is wearing white goggles; therefore, he must be Steve.

*Fredda Hollander  
Boston*

TIME's editors could never tell which twin had the Toni either. TIME regrets the error.

I have often traveled to the German Democratic Republic and have repeatedly been impressed by its fine athletes. In ages past, however, this area has brought forth some of the world's finest musicians, painters, writers, poets and philosophers. Since the country was divided in 1949, East Germany has not produced one outstanding novel, play or movie, nor made a contribution worthy of a gold medal in architecture, agriculture, medicine or physics. A nation's greatness is determined by more than Olympic medals.

*Egbert Johannes Wiens  
Niagara Falls*

In your introductory story on the Olympics [SPECIAL REPORT, Jan. 30] you refer to the vermin at the new Sarajevo Holiday Inn as a tribe of rats with the instincts of Albanian terrorists. This inexcusable and inaccurate reference to Albanians demonstrates your writer's insensitivity toward a people who have no historical reputation for terrorism.

*Arthur Christie  
Brookline, Mass.*

### Leaving Lebanon

Let us not think we have wasted our efforts in Lebanon [WORLD, Feb. 27]. We tried to bring peace to that country, and many Lebanese were glad we were there. The Soviets, we should recall, were evicted from Egypt, Somalia and Grenada. They did not get all teary about "losing" in these areas. They looked for other opportunities. The U.S. should learn to do the same.

*Gary Lund  
Anchorage, Alaska*

No amount of American aid to the Gemayel government or to any government that does not have the support of the Muslims will ever bring peace to Beirut. Religious unity is the key to political stability. The U.S. has never understood that fact.

*Paolo Osmeña  
Stonyhurst, England*

### Idealist Police

Proponents of a police corps [NATION, Feb. 27] want to find young idealists, pay their way through college and then employ them as police officers. A successful law-enforcement representative has to have many qualifications. I doubt that "youthful idealism" is one of the most important. I was a Peace Corps volunteer and am a firm believer in its concept. But I do not feel the idea can be successfully transferred to police work.

*Lieut. Florence A. Starzynski  
Arlington County police department  
Arlington, Va.*

### Judging the Bar

Your article "Challenging the Hired Guns" [LAW, Feb. 27] tells why lawyers are perceived by many Americans as unethical, avaricious deceivers. When Chief Justice Warren Burger refers to his colleagues as "hired guns" and "procurers" while addressing the American Bar Association, he is actually describing a very small percentage of the profession. The majority of lawyers are not as incompetent as Burger portrays them.

*Richard Altman  
Washington*

Lawyers are no different from others. A few are dishonest and unscrupulous, but most are decent individuals trying to

do well. It is disquieting to have the Chief Justice publicly berate the entire profession. One wonders how he would respond to an attorney who appeared before his court similarly misinformed.

*Lisa Paschal Snyder  
Baltimore*

The "frivolous lawsuits" referred to by Burger are capricious only when they involve the rights of other people and not our own interests.

*John L. Goodell  
Jamestown, N.Y.*

I agree with Burger's complaints about litigation "mania." Petty suits are being filed daily. A man sues a company for damages suffered when he could not hear traffic because he was wearing ear-phones. A drunk sues a bar because it should have refused to serve him. Some lawyers are accepting these cases; otherwise lawsuits could never be filed.

*Norman F. Braun  
Aldan, Penn.*

### Electronic Sound

Studio musicians should be seriously worried about the growing danger of being replaced by composer-programmed computer synthesizers [MUSIC, Feb. 27]. Now that the function of producing music is more and more in the hands of composers and non-musicians, a rift is forming between performers and composers. Composers can now afford to hear their work directly and economically on the synthesizers and have consequently come into direct competition with musicians, their onetime partners. One thing is dead certain: audiences will never pay to watch a computer operator walk onto a stage and press PLAY.

*Clifford Metting  
St. Clair Shores, Minn.*

The electronic synthesizer is one of the greatest musical inventions in a long while. It should not be discredited because it produces a sound that is not directly man-made.

*Jeffrey Allen Baecher  
Kingfisher, Okla.*

### Death-Sentence Donations

The story about residents in Nevada and California donating funds to prosecute someone accused of a capital crime [NATION, Feb. 27] makes me sick. By soliciting public funds, the citizens of these states are operating under the theory of "guilty until proved innocent."

*Gerald Kurth  
Goodyear, Ariz.*

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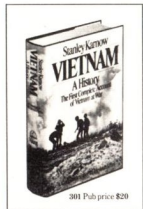
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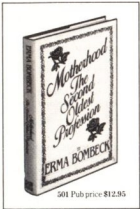
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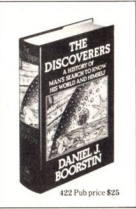
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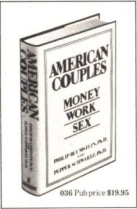
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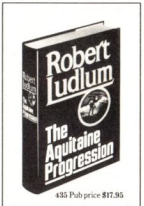
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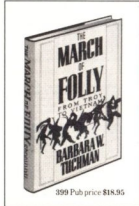
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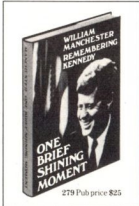
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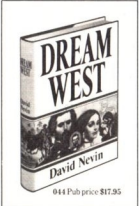
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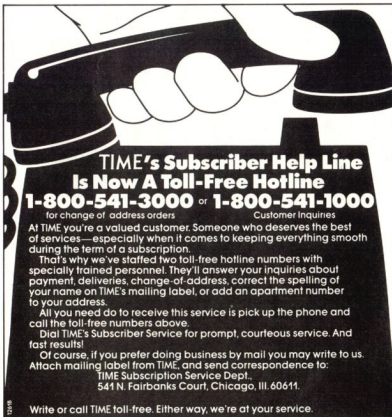
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“Military power...serves the cause of peace  
by holding up a shield behind which the patient,  
constructive work of peace can go on.”

*President Dwight D. Eisenhower  
Annual Address to the Congress—January 9, 1958*

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Finally, we should appreciate and respect America's dedicated men and women in uniform, for they are the ones who must serve as the ultimate deterrent to any aggressor.

 **Lockheed**

TIME/MARCH 19, 1984

## Mixing Politics With Prayer

*Uncle Sam jumps into the church-state debate*

**R**eligion and government are two mighty forces that the founders of the American Republic decided must be kept separate for the sake of a free society. But the intricate relationship between church and state has never ceased to inflame public debate. Last week that dispute, involving all three branches of the Federal Government, rose to perhaps its highest pitch in two decades:

► Congress began consideration of proposed amendments to the Constitution that would permit supposedly voluntary prayer in public schools, overturning Supreme Court decisions in 1962 and 1963 that are bitterly resented by many religious groups and their political allies. The high court rulings, cried Ohio Republican Delbert Latta during an all-night House speech-making session, "favor atheism over Christianity."

► President Reagan threw the full weight of his persuasive powers behind the drive for school prayer; in fact, one of the amendments up for debate was drafted under his supervision at the White House. Said the President, in an address to the National Association of Evangelicals in Columbus: "I firmly believe that the loving God who has blessed our land and made us a good and caring people should never have been expelled from America's classrooms."

► The Supreme Court, in a 5-to-4 decision upholding inclusion of a crèche in a municipally financed Pawtucket, R.I., Christmas display, gave new heart to those who hope, and new worries to those who fear, that the court may now be less insistent on maintaining a "wall of separation between church and state."\* Chief Justice Warren Burger, writing for the majority, called the wall "a useful figure of speech" but "not a wholly accurate description of the practical aspects of the relationship that in fact exists between church and state."

Together, the three developments demonstrated that church-state disputes

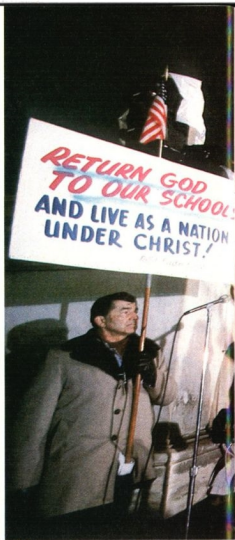
are reaching a level of emotional intensity not seen since conservatives mounted the drive to impeach Earl Warren. The campaign, as it happens, was fueled partly by the decisions, made when he was Chief Justice, that prayer or Bible readings in public schools violate the First Amendment's ban on laws "respecting an establishment of religion."

Fervent believers of many faiths, and less devout citizens appalled by what they see as a national breakdown of moral standards, have never reconciled themselves to those decisions. Their anger has been steadily fanned by a series of lower-court interpretations that have gone so far as to bar voluntary prayer sessions on school property organized by students outside of class hours. Critics fear the courts are attempting to forbid any public acknowledgment of God whatsoever in the schools and thus, in effect, to enshrine indifference or even hostility toward religion as official government policy. They can even cite the example of the protests last week in Poland, a nation that is 90% Roman Catholic, where the people are protesting the government's attempt to quash the nation's religious and cultural spirit by removing crucifixes from classrooms.

**O**n state and local levels, ardent believers have tried various ways to circumvent the 1962 Supreme Court ruling. Some legal scholars think that one of these methods, the move by 19 states to authorize a moment of silence in classrooms, might eventually be approved under the reasoning applied by the Supreme Court majority last week to the Pawtucket crèche case (see box). But advocates of school prayer are no longer willing to wait or to settle for private meditation. Says the Rev. Jerry Falwell, leader of the Moral Majority: "We didn't fight for the right to keep silent." At the outset of an election year, and with the assistance of a popular President who has fervently embraced the crusade on the campaign trail, prayer advocates are



With Evangelicals in Ohio



Vigil in the rain: supporters of an amendment that

determined to mount a frontal assault in Congress for a constitutional amendment that would permit school prayer.

The drive began in earnest last Monday as amendment supporters staged a night vigil on the Capitol steps in a rainstorm, praying for prayer. Inside the House chamber no amendment had yet been approved by committee, but 59 Representatives, mostly Republicans, took the floor Monday afternoon to speak in favor of one in a session that rolled on until well past dawn on Tuesday. Many speakers associated the absence of prayer in schools with such social evils as drug abuse and sexual promiscuity. Virginia Republican Frank Wolf charged dramatically that the rate of teen-age suicides "began to climb at approximately the same time that the schools were withdrawn from prayer two decades ago." House Democratic leaders, anxious to do nothing that might stigmatize their party as antireligious, stood aside and let the speakers orate on a matter that technically was not up for consideration. "God is neither a Republican nor a Democrat," said Majority Leader James Wright of Texas. "It is wholly inappropriate for ei-

\*The phrase was first used by President Thomas Jefferson in a letter to the Danbury, Conn., Baptist Association on New Year's Day, 1802.



would permit school prayer gather on the steps of the Capitol as the House conducts an all-night debate

TERRY ADGE

ther party to attempt to portray the other as being opposed to prayer."

In the Republican-controlled Senate, the debate was for real as Majority Leader Howard Baker called up not one but two proposed amendments—the draft supported by the White House and another offered by Utah Republican Orrin Hatch—for floor action. Baker wrestled last week to blend them into a consensus proposal that would have some chance of winning the two-thirds majority needed for passage. Any amendment would also require a two-thirds vote in the House, where it has been bottled up in committee, and approval by 38 state legislatures.

Baker sought to allay fears that some children would be forced to say prayers in which they did not believe, or that government officials would become involved in writing prayers. The key passages of the amendment taking shape under Baker's efforts read: "Nothing in this Constitution shall be construed to prohibit individual or group, vocal or silent prayer, in public schools or other public institutions. No person shall be re-

quired by the United States or by any state to participate in prayer. Neither the United States nor any state shall compose or mandate the words of any prayer to be said in public schools."

At week's end Baker appeared to be half a dozen votes short of the two-thirds Senate majority required to pass an amendment, and he will not press for a vote until he has rounded them up. That

could take several weeks, if it happens at all, opponents are pledging "extended debate," a euphemism for filibuster.

If a prayer amendment ever becomes part of the Constitution, there would be immense practical problems in putting it into effect. Who *would* decide the wording of any vocal prayers that might be said in class? Children? Their parents? If each child were to say whatever prayer he or she might wish, would the result not be an incomprehensible babble?

Falwell offers one idea of how the amendment could be made to work: a teacher would call on a different child each day to lead the class in prayer. For example, on one morning a student might recite a Roman Catholic prayer; on the next, a different student might lead a Jewish prayer. Those who wished to pray along would do so; those who wanted to say a different prayer would offer it silently; those who had no desire to pray at all would meditate quietly or simply daydream. Another alternative might be for groups not affiliated with the schools or other branches of government to compose nondenominational prayers



Pawtucket Mayor Henry Kinch with figures from crèche



and offer them for classroom recitation. In Framingham, Mass., an organization calling itself the Committee for Democratic Response has already placed on the ballot for local elections April 2 a nonbinding proposal to have students recite words from the Declaration of Independence, recast in prayer form ("We further acknowledge that all men are created equal, and that they are endowed by You, our Creator, with certain unalienable rights...").

The amendment drive divides both the religious and political communities. It is strongly supported by many fundamentalist and Evangelical churches, but opposed by major Jewish organizations and the National Council of Churches, which represents 31 mainline Protestant and Orthodox denominations claiming 40 mil-



Against: Lowell Weicker



For: Orrin Hatch

lion members. In the Senate, Republicans are leading the opposition to the amendment as well as the push for it. Two prominent opponents are Lowell Weicker of Connecticut and John Danforth of Missouri, who is an Episcopal priest as well as a Senator.

Washington got a vivid reminder last week of how passions have been inflamed by the issue. Joann Bell and Lucille

McCord visited the capital to relate at a press conference what happened to them three years ago in Little Axe, Okla., when they filed suit against a "voluntary" prayer program that they thought was coercive. A week after they filed the complaint, Bell's car was surrounded by an angry crowd and a school cafeteria employee pulled her out of the vehicle, dislocating her arm, she says. McCord said her three sons were humiliated by teachers and beaten up by other children on the school playground. Both families moved to the town of Harrah 20 miles away.

The overwhelming majority of prayer advocates, of course, would be horrified by such tactics. It is their freedom to pray, they insist, that has been taken away by a zealous cadre of secularists, and they are

## A Moment of Silence?

Almost all laws have loopholes, and law defined by the Supreme Court is no exception. Although it is widely believed that the court prohibited public school prayer in 1962, the court in fact merely forbade teachers to organize formal prayer sessions. The door was left open, at least a crack, to prayer that was purely voluntary.

Ever since, the states have been looking for ways to permit school prayer without appearing to demand it. Nineteen states have passed laws establishing a time for silent prayer or meditation in classrooms. Where challenged, however, these laws are usually struck down. The Supreme Court has remained above the fray, preferring to let the lower courts deal with the problems. But with Congress and the President agitating over a school-prayer amendment, the Justices may not be able to sit out much longer.

Most legal experts believe the high court will eventually approve a daily moment of silence. The precise rules could be difficult to establish, and no law will entirely insulate students from religious pressure. But by ruling on a major school-prayer case, the Justices might be able to head off the more drastic alternative: an amendment limiting the court's authority to interpret the Constitution. "With all the heat for a constitutional amendment, the court may say, 'Let's ease up and allow a moment of meditation,'" says Jesuit Father Robert Drinan, professor of law at Georgetown University and a former Democratic Congressman.

In the past several years, scholars have detected numerous cracks in the court's definition of the "wall" between church and state. To be sure, the Justices are quick to strike down laws that they see as advancing or favoring religion. Four years ago, in *Stone vs. Graham*, the court declared that Kentucky could not post the Ten Commandments in class-

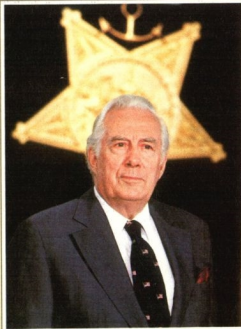
rooms. But the court has upheld laws that are aimed at secular goals like promoting education and that advance religion only as a side effect. Thus, it permitted Minnesota to allow tax deductions for private school tuition, even though most private schools in the state are church-affiliated.

To some legal scholars, last week's decision on the Pawtucket crèche was a new departure by the court in interpreting the First Amendment—"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof..."). Writing for the 5-4 majority, Chief Justice Warren Burger seemed to argue that the traditional guidelines—that a law must serve a secular purpose, neither advance nor inhibit religion, and not entangle the state in purely religious questions—were merely "useful," rather than mandatory. "A more flexible standard may be emerging," says U.S. Solicitor General Rex E. Lee. The real test, set forth by the Chief Justice, now seems to be simply whether

a religious practice presents "a real danger of establishment of a state church." Some states will argue that it is difficult to see "real danger" in a moment of silence. Furthermore, they will claim that silent meditation serves a secular purpose by making the students more reflective.

Alabama has already asked the Justices to review a lower-court decision striking down a state law that gives students a choice between prayer and meditation. In New Jersey a federal district court disallowed a law that does not even mention prayer but simply authorizes "quiet and private contemplation or introspection." Despite this ruling, several New Jersey schools still offer students a voluntary minute of silent meditation.

Since the Supreme Court rarely reverses its precedents, it is not about to overturn its 1962 school-prayer decision. The court moves slowly and incrementally. But it may see in a moment of silence a chance to bend without breaking.



Cracks in the wall: Chief Justice Warren Burger

only trying to reclaim it, without coercing anyone. Polls have consistently shown heavy majorities in favor of school prayer; Gallup reported last September that 81% of respondents who had followed the issue supported an amendment that would permit "voluntary" prayer, vs. only 14% opposed. Says Dan Alexander, president of a Mobile, Ala., organization called Save Our Schools: "We've allowed a small, very vocal minority to pick away at our values and our basic rights for a very long time. Now our right to pray is being threatened, and I say that's where we draw the line."

Harvard Constitutional Scholar Laurence Tribe, speaking for many opponents of the amendment, replies that "the premise that prayer is not allowed in schools... is a lie. Official, organized prayer is not allowed, true, but kids can pray if they want"—silently, individually, on the bus, in the lunchroom, during classes. North Carolina Democratic Congressman Charlie Rose wryly notes, "As long as there are math tests, children will pray in school."

Amendment opponents insist that organized, vocal prayer can never be truly voluntary. Children of different faiths, or none, will feel themselves forced by social pressure to join in. Contends Rabbi Balfour Brickner of Manhattan's Stephen Wise Free Synagogue: "If the prayer is spoken, it will be physically coercive, and if silent it will be psychologically coercive." The alternative, opponents contend, is to offer prayers so general as to be meaningless, even offensive to the truly religious. The establishment of a neutered "civil religion" is offensive to many who believe deeply in their own faiths. Says Robert Minor, professor of religious studies at the University of Kansas: "Christians should probably be outraged at prayers directed 'to whom it may concern.'"

Whatever the outcome, school-prayer advocates now have the aggressive national champion they had long lacked: Ronald Reagan. The President's ardent embrace of their cause has raised cynical eyebrows among Democrats like House Speaker Tip O'Neill, who notes that Reagan is hardly a regular churchgoer. In more than three years as President, Reagan has attended worship services only nine times. Apparently referring to the disruption his attendance at a worship service might cause, Reagan said last week of his churchgoing, "I miss it very much. But I represent too much of a threat to too many other people for me to be able to go to church." That does not explain why Reagan has shown no interest in inviting clergymen to conduct services in the White House, as Richard Nixon did, or at Camp David, which was Jimmy Carter's practice.

Reagan's push for a prayer amendment may reflect longstanding conviction,

but its timing and strategy at least have been heavily influenced by electoral calculation. Fundamentalist and Evangelical Protestants contributed many ballots to Reagan's 1980 sweep. But some have been grumbling that the President has done little to advance the so-called social issues that concern them most, like antiabortion legislation. Some months ago, White House strategists decided that the outset of the presidential campaign was the right time to placate this "core constituency" and that school prayer was the issue to stress in doing so. Explains one of the President's top political advisers: "It's good politics,

seen the court as their special bugbear.

The case involved Pawtucket's use of public funds (\$1,365 initially, \$20 a year now) to buy and then re-erect annually a crèche as part of a Christmas display that also featured such secular holiday symbols as reindeer and a Santa Claus house. Chief Justice Burger, writing for the court majority, found the Nativity scene to be a "passive" symbol and its presence in the display "no more an advancement or endorsement of religion than... the exhibition of literally hundreds of religious paintings in governmentally supported museums." Said Burger: "We are unable to perceive the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Vicar of Rome or other powerful religious leaders" lurking behind the crèche.

More significant than the particulars of the case was some of the majority's reasoning. Far from decreeing "complete separation of church and state," Burger wrote, the Constitution "affirmatively mandates accommodation, not merely tolerance, of all religions, and forbids hostility toward any." Religious conservatives were cheered by the role of Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, Reagan's sole appointee to the court, who wrote a concurring opinion asserting, among other things, that the degree of "political divisiveness" caused by a government practice aiding religion was not in itself any guide toward whether that practice fostered an "excessive entanglement" of church and state. Falwell, who originally viewed the appointment of O'Connor as a "disaster," now says it "is the President's No. 1 contribution to religion in this country."

The idea that the court majority might now be looking for ways to accommodate religion deeply troubled the four Justices who joined in a stinging dissent, written by William Brennan. He accused the majority of a "careless decision" that failed to apply any consistent reasoning at all. Indeed, Brennan wrote, "it seems the Court is willing to alter its analysis from Term to Term to suit its preferred results." By approving Pawtucket's use of public funds, however minuscule, to display a specifically Christian symbol, Brennan asserted, "the Court takes a long step backwards to the days [in 1892] when Justice [David] Brewer could arrogantly declare for the Court that 'this is a Christian nation.' Those days, I had thought, were forever put behind us..." The ruling that should have accomplished that, said Brennan, was the Supreme Court's original school-prayer decision. But as the current attempt to overturn that decision demonstrates, no church-state issue that arouses popular passion ever seems to be settled once and for all.

—By George J. Church, Reported by Anne Constable and Neil MacNeil/Washington, with other bureaus



Third-grade students observing moment of silence in Sayreville, N.J.

"As long as there are math tests, children will pray in school."

frankly, and it does not cost us anything."

Reagan made pleas for school prayer to national TV audiences in his January State of the Union address and the subsequent announcement of his candidacy for re-election. In his speech to the Evangelicals last week, Reagan said, "Hasn't something gone haywire when this great Constitution of ours is invoked to allow Nazis and Ku Klux Klansmen to march on public property and urge the extermination of Jews and the subjugation of blacks, but it supposedly prevents our children from Bible study or the saying of a simple prayer in their schools?"

Even if Reagan's advocacy should help push a school-prayer amendment through Congress, however, years could be required before it could amass enough state ratifications to take effect, if indeed it ever did. At least until then, the deciding issue in church-state relations will continue to be that of the Supreme Court. But the accent in the court's voice seems to be changing too, as evidenced by the praise showered on last week's crèche decision by some of the conservative religious groups that have long





Riding his surge of support, the candidate of the moment looks pleased and proud in Huntsville, Ala.

## Nation

### Charting the Big Shift

*With his wins in New England, Hart becomes the man to beat*



New Hampshire? Sure, Hart may have won, but only thanks to a bunch of idiosyncratic Yankees, Volvo-driving Boston commuters and anti-union farmers, all of them living in an antique backwater. Mondale still has the money, the fully packed delegate slates.

Maine? Granted, another Hart upset. Granted, the union muscle did not amount to much. But Mondale's aides say he was catching up at the last minute.

Vermont? A landslide for Hart, admittedly, but with thousands of Republican cross-over votes. Again, New England: some kind of regional quirk . . .

It had become practically impossible by week's end to explain away the swift, spectacular surge of popularity for Gary Hart. It was also practically impossible to explain. All sorts of Americans, Western conservatives and Eastern liberals, clean-cut Jaycees and long-haired factory workers, seemed to fall head over heels for the concept of Gary Hart. For a year he had been one more dark horse in a forgettable pack of dark horses, a sleek but uninspiring Senator from Colorado. His campaign of "new ideas" went nowhere. Walter Mondale, the shoe-in, treated him like an earnest graduate assistant.

The cathartic upset in New Hampshire seemed to liberate voters last week in

nearby Maine (Hart over Mondale, 50% to 44%) and neighboring Vermont (Hart, 70% to 20%). That infectious sense of political possibility caught on and spread west and to the Deep South, where the contenders, variously giddy and panicked, prepared for this week's contests. "The situation has changed totally," said Joan Bowen, Hart's coordinator in Alabama, where virtually no organization existed last month. "With a victory under his belt, people say, 'Hey, I like him!' They're coming out of the woodwork now."

Last Saturday afternoon Hart won 61% of the Wyoming caucus vote to Mondale's 36%, adding to his political velocity. By then Hart had achieved a kind of effervescent mass appeal, his popularity fueling itself. His surge was not altogether political: a CBS News exit poll in Vermont found his greatest strength among self-described conservatives, while a poll in Massachusetts found that he is preferred most by liberals. Quickest to embrace him were upscale members of the baby-boom generation, known as "initial tryers" to professional marketers. "If you've got a new concept or a new product," said Atlanta Pollster Claibourne Darden, "those are

\*Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Massachusetts and Rhode Island will hold primaries. Alaska, Arkansas, Delaware, Hawaii, Kentucky, Michigan, Mississippi, Nevada, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Carolina and Washington will hold caucuses. At stake: 1,003 delegates.

the first people who are going to examine it and evaluate it."

In a matter of days, even hours, after the New Hampshire primary, polltakers from Boston to Birmingham detected shifts in voter sentiment so rapid and large that at first they seemed a matter of sampling error, a computer blip. Vast numbers of citizens who had barely heard of Hart in mid-February had decided, literally overnight, that they would like to see him become the Democratic nominee. Three weeks ago Mondale thought he had Massachusetts locked up. Only ten days later, Mondale had written off the state. "It's the most incredible shift in public opinion I've ever seen," said Chester Atkins, Massachusetts party chairman. "Nothing else even comes close."

In late February a CBS News poll found that Hart had the support of 7% of Democrats for the nomination; by last week that figure had shot up to 38%. A Gallup poll completed last Tuesday, ages ago by the speed-of-light standards of this race, found that among all American voters, Gary Hart was preferred over Ronald Reagan by 52% to 43%. In the same Gallup sampling, Reagan beat Mondale (50% to 45%) and Senator John Glenn (52% to 41%). Of course, the voters scrambling to support Hart might leave him tomorrow, or next week in the important Illinois primary. Indeed, most polls showed that his following was not deeply committed. Hart must be concerned that his support is faddish and could collapse.

But for the moment Hartmania infused the campaign. Newspaper pundits and political analysts, professional know-

it-alls caught knowing almost nothing, chased after the phenomenon. Their continuing embarrassing bewilderment made many of them uneasy. "You can feel a terrible shaking of the earth," said *New Republic* Editor Hendrik Hertzberg, "as new conventional wisdom struggles to be born." *New York Times* Columnist Tom Wicker observed that "the publicity that the press gave to the 'upset' of its own erroneous expectations" was responsible for Hart's sudden, starry prominence.

Hart himself ventured a pretty good explanation last week. "What I think I may have tapped," he said, "is a reservoir much vaster than anyone ever contemplated, [a reservoir of] that pent-up, latent need to re-identify with national purpose." Hart, a canny political tactician, has taken full advantage of the gusher. He knew the media, eager for a loner-strikes-it-rich drama, would devote columns of type and hours of television air time to him. "It's like riding the wave," says Kathy Bushkin, his press secretary. "There's not much we can do to direct it."

Not much, perhaps, but Hart skillfully exploited the burst of TV exposure. His elaborate policy prescriptions were distilled to catch phrases such as "new leadership" and "move into the future." His adoption of John F. Kennedy's mannerisms became more blatant. Addressing the Alabama legislature, Hart chopped the air in J.F.K. style and recapitulated the 1961 Inaugural Address. Said Hart: "We must once again have Presidents . . . who ask what we can do for our country and not what our country can do for us."

Hart had been the campaign's cold, hopeless egghead; now he was confident and beaming. Hart had used Mondale's pile of endorsements to make the former Vice President look beholden and dull. Last week, however, when Hart was endorsed by disparate bigwigs—South Carolina Senator Ernest Hollings, former House Speaker Carl Albert, a trio of liberal Los Angeles Congressmen—Mondale could only joke about the irony.

Three weeks ago, Mondale seemed to be sauntering directly toward the nomination. He smiled always and stayed above the fray. His campaign logistics, from scheduling to delegate counting, were said to be unprecedented in sophistication. Suddenly cracks began to appear. In Birmingham he showed up to shake



Visiting an orange grove in Florida, the former front runner sounded like an authentic underdog

hands at the wrong factory gate; in Florida reporters covering him had to pile into taxis—the press bus had disappeared. By the middle of last week he looked desperate ("I'm in trouble, I need your help"), making lame excuses for losing primaries ("We didn't really contest Vermont") and attacking Hart for petty deviations from liberal doctrine.

Maine may have been the most telling display of Hart's strength and Mondale's weakness. Mondale had tried hard there, outspending Hart \$400,000 to \$40,000. Perhaps a third of the Democrats were from union households, Mondale's supposed mainstays. And voters chose delegates at caucuses, the system that favors Mondale's efficient organization. In Vermont, Hart campaigned extensively and was given the edge in the final week. But the dimensions of his victory—51,703 votes to 14,896—were stunning.

The political fight promptly turned mean. First Hart gloated, but after he was booed by an audience of Democratic regulars in Boston, he tried to be a graceful win-

ner—at least on network TV and in interviews with national journalists. "Walter Mondale and I share a deep and abiding commitment to the values of the Democratic Party," he said, looking relaxed. "Our values are very similar, and that's why we're both Democrats." Mondale, however, would not play along. "For a Democrat," Mondale said, Hart's "concern expressed for people who are suffering the most is pretty limited." Hart slashed back: "Compassion is not just getting red in the face and waving the arms," he said.

Mondale was suddenly deriding Hart as if Hart were Reagan and not a kindred Democrat. The former Vice President accused his opponent of declining to fight for the nuclear freeze. Mondale made a tub-thumping speech in Tampa suggesting that Hart is for "Big Oil" and "the hospital lobby," that he "attacks entitlements" and that he would force "working families to pay more taxes." (At a 1979 Senate campaign fund raiser for Hart, Mondale had extravagantly praised the Coloradan. "Gary Hart is one of the most decent and compassionate public servants I have ever known in my life. He is brilliant . . . thoughtful and perceptive.")

At times last week it seemed as if the campaign's speedy whirl might reduce all the candidates to caricatures of themselves. Mondale struggled to make a virtue of his pure liberalism. "I don't know what else to do," he said. "What you see is what you get." In Florida, standing in a grove of winter-ravaged oranges, Mondale conceded that Senator Edward Kennedy had refused to endorse him; at that moment, the once invincible candidate seemed an authentic underdog. Hart, meanwhile, was using the words "future" and "new" over and over again. The candidate of youth was often asked how a year had been



The erstwhile astronaut takes an old trainer biplane for a joyride in Pine Bluff, Ark.

"I'm not running like John Kennedy. I'm not trying to imitate anyone but John Glenn."

## Nation

lopped off his age in the mid-1960s. "If I had wanted to appear younger," he insisted, "I would have done it by more than a year."

Glenn made fun of Hart's J.F.K. evocations but then rhetorically fumbled. "I'm not trying to imitate anyone," he said, "but John Glenn." In a sense he is doing a self-impersonation: after down-playing his astronaut background through much of the campaign, he used "the right stuff" as a tag line in his Southern television ads and played up his military past. In Pine Bluff, Ark., he piloted an antique Stearman training biplane ("That was fun!" he said) and at Ozark, Ala., drove an M-60 tank in figure eights ("That's fun!").

But the South was not just fun and games. The candidates tended to their big-picture strategies too. For Glenn, said his aide Boyd Campbell, Alabama was "the goal-line stand, the whole ball of wax." Mondale predicted he would win unionized Alabama (214,000 AFL-CIO members), where the Mondale family has campaigned in 63 of 67 counties, and was also hoping to finish first in Georgia. In the South, Hart might be satisfied to win only Florida. Jesse Jackson's biggest test had



Shedding his aloofness, Hart models a Florida souvenir

"A reservoir much vaster than anyone ever contemplated."

arrived: if he does not do well in Southern states where blacks constitute 20% to 25% of the electorate, his role in the nomination process is sure to shrink considerably. His federal matching funds will stop flowing early next month if he does not get at least 20% of one primary's vote.

Whatever the results, Jackson and Glenn seemed peripheral to the central issue between Hart and Mondale: the character of American liberalism and, even more clearly, the generational claims on the Democratic Party. "This is not just a

horse race," Mondale told an attentive audience in Tampa. "This has become a battle for the soul of the party and for the future of this country." For Hart and other neo-liberals, standard-issue Great Society policy should be replaced when it does not work and reshaped when it lacks political support.

Said Hart in Birmingham last week: "I would say the principal difference is one of outlook. It's the formative experience an individual's generation goes through. For many people my age and younger, Viet Nam, the assassinations, Watergate... have been very powerful." He has a point: Mondale, 56, is a young member of the New Deal generation, while Hart, 47, is an old man in his 1960s cohort. Youngish voters clearly see Hart on their side of the epochal line. Charles Reed, 42, an aide to Florida Governor Robert Graham, was a bit cautious about Hart but not about the political winds he is riding. "We still don't know everything about Hart," Reed said. "But if he holds up under scrutiny, and this generation takes him as theirs, then it could be the start of a fire storm."

—By Kurt Andersen.  
Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale and Jack E. White with Hart, and other bureaus

## Hart's New Legions

Nothing about Senator Gary Hart's campaign takeoff has confounded the experts quite so much as the identity and motivation of those who caused it—his newly acquired supporters. In short, who is the Gary Hart voter?

As Hart's standing in the polls rose last week, the question became easier to answer. Gloated Political Strategist Pat Caddell, who advises Hart: "It's everybody at the moment." Caddell agreed that the Senator's early support was concentrated in a "generational" base of voters from their 20s to their early 40s. But in the Vermont primary, Caddell pointed out, some surveys showed Hart outpolling former Vice President Walter Mondale more than 2 to 1 among the 45-to-59 age group and seniors over 60. Other breakdowns similarly showed that Hart's appeal has spread well beyond its original youthful core.

Perhaps the most obvious source of Hart's allure is his freshness on the political scene. "He appeals to younger, better-educated and independent types who have little loyalty to institutions," says Alan Baron, an editor of a political newsletter in Washington. "They see Hart as new, independent and not owned by anybody." One of them is Dayton Owens, 27, a high school soccer coach in Jacksonville, Fla.: "He's not made of the old wood trying to take us back to the past instead of leading us to the future." For others in the Hart constituency, merely finding a refuge from political monotony is sufficient reason for joining. "Nobody else impresses me at all," says Gordon Gardner, a copy editor from Savannah, Ga. "Mondale bores me to tears and Glenn is even more boring."

While few of Hart's supporters are familiar with his substantive positions in detail, a surprisingly large number

mention his approach to the nation's defense as one thing that attracted them. Says Steven Nesich, 30, a marketing consultant from Seattle: "The Reaganites have a knee-jerk reaction to defense: 'Build it.' The liberals have a knee-jerk reaction: 'Don't build it.' Hart sees a leaner, tougher defense that would cost us far less and be more effective."

An unknown but sizable share of Hart's support comes from people who are along mainly for the excitement of the ride. It was certainly not the Senator's defense policies, for example, that won over Nancy Tosado, a mother of three from Huntsville, Ala. Says she: "It's been love at first sight since last Monday. That's it, nothing else."

Hart has been able to tap a vein of idealism that is a permanent feature of the American political landscape but accessible only to an occasional candidate. "I haven't felt as excited about a campaign since Kennedy," says James H. Kean, 42, an export trader and retired Marine colonel from Mercer Island, Wash. "The neat thing about Hart's campaign is that it's mostly volunteers. It's that corny American democracy."

With equal conviction, many of Hart's supporters look beyond the primary season and hardheadedly view him as the Democrat most likely to unseat Ronald Reagan in November. At the Democratic caucus in Cumberland, Me., for example, some 70 participants spent an hour discussing the candidates' electability. Said Geologist Frederick Bragdon: "I didn't feel the Democrats were putting forward the best candidate to defeat Ronald Reagan. After New Hampshire, I see Gary Hart as a potential candidate who can do that." For Tom Puckett, 30, of Savannah, not even his personal uncertainty about Hart's program weakens that perceived advantage. Says he: "Even though you don't really know what he stands for, he has the ability at this point to beat Reagan, and as a registered Democrat that's what I want."



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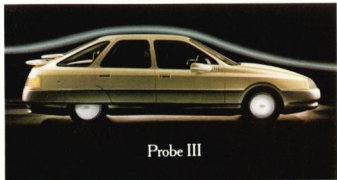
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## Distemper over Central America

*After Shultz and lawmakers tangle, the prospects for aid dim*

**T**he point of contention was familiar: U.S. military and economic aid to Central America. So were the adversaries: Secretary of State George Shultz and members of Congress. And so were the results: election-year posturing and exploding tempers. Only this time the shouting on Capitol Hill was not merely for effect. The Administration's urgent requests for emergency military aid to the government of El Salvador and for the *contra* rebels fighting Nicaragua's Sandinista regime were clearly in peril.

Last week's flare-up occurred during hearings by the House Appropriations subcommittee on foreign operations. Although the subject was an Administration request for \$259 million in additional military aid to El Salvador over the next 18 months, Wisconsin Democrat David Obey could not resist lecturing Shultz about Lebanon. Obey charged that State Department briefings for Congressmen on Lebanon had been "the least informative, the least substantive and the most pitiful I've ever witnessed." Now, Obey went on, "we appear to be in a position where we are going to run into another foreign policy failure in El Salvador."

Shultz, who has shown flashes of temper in recent months, listened with increasing impatience as Illinois Democrat Sidney Yates joined the assault. He read aloud part of a New York *Times* story reporting that a former high military official in El Salvador had named Roberto d'Aubuisson, the right-wing candidate for President in the March 25 election, as a leading figure in the death squads that have been murdering civilians. "How many killers have been brought to trial?" Yates asked. Shultz could not cite one, but argued that the murders had decreased in number. If death-squad activity continues, Yates persisted, would not the elections be "meaningless?"

"Do you think elections are meaningless?" snapped Shultz.

"That isn't what I said," replied Yates. "There have been no efforts to change the situation there. The attitude of this Administration is that El Salvador will receive as much money as is necessary from now until eternity."

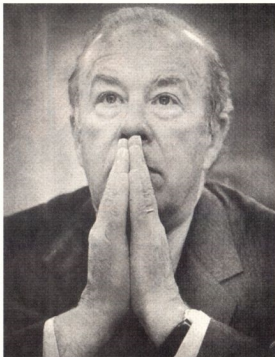
Shultz had heard enough. "I really don't understand you people!" he exploded. "Here we have an area right next to us, which a cross section of Americans on a bipartisan commission studied very carefully... and have concluded that it is

in the vital interests of the United States. Now there are problems there. We all know that. And what you're telling me is that because there are problems, let's walk away."

"No!" Yates protested. "I'm not saying that."

"Yes, you are!" shouted Shultz. "What I'm telling you is that we have to struggle with these problems. That's the reality."

The reality, as Shultz and some Re-



A quiet moment between sharp exchanges at a House hearing  
"I really don't understand you people!"

publican legislators see it, is that placing stringent human rights conditions on aid funds is counterproductive. Rather than bowing publicly to such U.S. pressure, they say, Salvadoran right-wingers are more likely to go their own way, blocking land reform and unleashing the death squads even more. In the long run, this argument goes, such activity creates more sympathy for the rebels, lifting their chances to win the military struggle. In the event they do win, they would almost certainly turn out to be even more authoritarian than the present government, and El Salvador would join Cuba and Nicaragua as a Soviet client state. Under Secretary of Defense Fred Ikle publicly accused some Congressmen of wanting to "wash their hands of Central America like Pontius Pilate" and charged that "un-

der the cloak of being concerned about human rights" they would "impose a course of action" that actually would help the leftists in Central America.

If Congress does not approve the requested aid, the White House has suggested that Reagan might use his Executive authority to draw from emergency military funds. The Administration contends that the rebels will increase their attacks in an effort to disrupt the elections and that the Salvadoran army is running short on ammunition, M-16 rifles, trucks and helicopter spare parts. Maryland Democrat Clarence Long, chairman of the subcommittee, warned Shultz: "The Administration would make a great mistake if it chose to bypass Congress." Replied the Secretary: "Pass our supplemental [aid request] right away. There it is. Act on it."

The full House Appropriations Committee seemed unlikely to do so. Many of the legislators want to wait until they see who wins the election before turning more money over to El Salvador. Their main worry is that a victorious D'Aubuisson might end up the beneficiary of U.S. aid.

**T**he Administration fared no better last week in a clumsy last-ditch effort to increase U.S. aid to the *contra* guerrillas in Nicaragua. Alaska Republican Ted Stevens agreed to attach a request for \$21 million for the rebels to a bill being considered by the Senate Appropriations Committee to provide funds that would help poor people pay their fuel bills. The backfiring tactic was devised by top White House Aides James Baker and Richard Darman. Even some Republicans on the Republican-controlled committee were outraged by the stratagem, which would have forced Senators opposed to funding the Nicaraguan *contras* to vote against aid to low-income Americans. The committee rejected Stevens' amendment, 15 to 14. The Appropriations Committee also delayed voting on a similar effort to attach funds for El Salvador to a bill providing emergency food aid for drought-stricken African nations. Declared Republican Senator Pete Domenici: "If the entire Administration policy for Central America is handled as poorly as this was handled, it is doomed."

Eventually, Congress will produce some sort of aid package for Central America. By trimming and delaying the Administration's request, the lawmakers are scoring political points at home. In the process, they are gambling that America's already fragile Central American policy can survive the stresses of the next few months, and most especially the leftist threat in El Salvador. —By Ed Magnusson

Reported by Barrett Seaman/Washington

## War on Poverty

*Meese's property and paper*

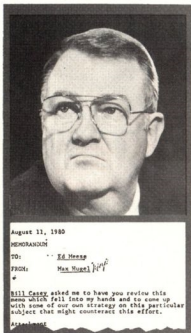
Thanks to his remarks about soup-kitchen cheats and the undocumented hungry, Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese has earned a reputation as a man who does not like to see people abusing the system. But Senator Howard Metzenbaum, an Ohio Democrat, tried to show last week that President Reagan's nominee to replace the resigning William French Smith as Attorney General may in fact be guilty of just that. As the Judiciary Committee wrapped up its confirmation hearings, troubling questions lingered about Meese's personal past insolvency and his role in getting Administration jobs for those who gave him a financial hand.

When Meese went to Washington in 1981, he put his five-bedroom house in La Mesa, near San Diego, up for sale and bought another home in McLean, a fashionable Virginia suburb. But even though Meese lowered the price from \$319,000 to \$298,000, the California house stood empty for 20 months. As a result, Meese fell behind in his mortgage payments on both the old and the new residences—15 months on the La Mesa property and four on the McLean home. His bankers did not attempt to foreclose. In the meantime, White House Personnel Director E. Pendleton James phoned his longtime friend California Real Estate Developer Thomas Barrack and told him of Meese's predicament.

Within weeks Barrack had found a buyer and arranged for bank financing. The final price, including an adjacent lot: \$307,500.

Perhaps more remarkable than the quick sale was the fact that Barrack had effectively contributed \$70,000 of his own money to the deal. The listed purchasers were Santa Ynez Contractor Irv Howard, who made a down payment of \$70,000, and the Great American Federal Savings Bank in San Diego, which had, at Barrack's behest, arranged a \$240,000 mortgage for Howard at a favorable 11% interest rate. (Great American had already lent \$423,000 to Meese at the time.) But last week Barrack testified that he had actually lent \$70,000 to Ted Elkin, a former employee and a Bulgarian refugee, who immediately took over the property in partnership with Howard's son. Elkin and the younger Howard ended up selling the house nine months later for only \$275,000. Barrack forgave the loan and thus swallowed the loss.

That charitable attitude, charged Metzenbaum, might have been related to Barrack's December 1982 appointment as a Deputy Under Secretary at the Interior



The nominee, and a memo from 1980

*Hard questions, probable confirmation.*

Department. He asked, "If a person were interested in getting a good position in Washington, would it be a good move on his part to help the White House Counsellor get rid of his home?" Barrack countered: "Did [my help] have anything to do with my going to Washington? Absolutely not."

Metzenbaum released a sheaf of memos that indicated Meese had been given information from internal documents of President Carter's campaign. One was an outline of Carter's strategy for farm and rural voters. Attached was a cover note from Reagan Campaign Aide Max Hugel, telling Meese that Campaign Chairman William Casey, now CIA director, wanted his thoughts on how to "counteract this effort." Another memo, written by Republican Consultant Thelma Duggin, concerned Carter's plans to win the black vote. At the top, Campaign Aide William Timmons had scribbled, "Ed Meese—Ideas how to counter?"

Meese, who told House investigators last July that he did not know how the Reagan-Bush Committee had obtained the Carter debate briefing book, sent Metzenbaum a terse statement saying he could not recall receiving, and did not know the source of, these two memos. Still, he agreed to the Senator's request that he excuse himself, if confirmed as Attorney General, from any future Justice Department decisions concerning the case, which was formally closed last month without evidence of a crime having been found. Although Meese is expected to be confirmed, the Senate panel postponed a vote for a week and considered calling Meese back for more questions. ■

## Changing Sides

*White rights in Birmingham*

When blacks demanded civil rights in Birmingham during the early '60s, the Alabama city answered with police dogs and fire hoses. A decade later, blacks sued to integrate the same Birmingham police and fire departments that had forcibly put them down. After a drawn-out legal struggle, the city signed a consent decree in 1981, agreeing to hire minorities and women in about the same proportion as workers in the city's private sector: between 33% and 50% for blacks, and 15% and 30% for women. The U.S. Justice Department backed the lawsuit and helped draft the eventual agreement. At that time—four months after Reagan took office—a department official pronounced the consent decree to be "reasonable and lawful."

But now the Justice Department has joined a suit by a group of ten white policemen and firemen seeking to overturn the settlement. The plaintiffs claim they have been passed over so that less qualified blacks and women can fill numerical quotas. The city, they charge, has engaged in "illegal and unconstitutional discrimination against whites and males."

The Justice Department defends its intervention as consistent and evenhanded. "We always side with people who claim they have suffered discrimination on account of race," says Civil Rights Chief William Bradford Reynolds. Indeed, the Birmingham case is not the first time the department has sided with white employees attacking affirmative-action programs. It has joined "reverse discrimination" suits in Boston, New Orleans and Detroit as well. Hiring quotas are among several "race-conscious" remedies that the Reaganites have tried to abandon. Others include mandatory school busing and denying tax exemptions to segregated schools. Last week, for instance, the department asked a federal court of appeals to throw out a Dade County, Fla., law setting aside construction contracts for minority contractors. But the Birmingham case differs in at least one important respect: back in 1981 the department had promised to defend the original settlement from legal attack.

The city will argue that the blacks promoted are no less qualified than the whites passed over. Although the whites do have higher test results, they benefit from a scoring system that awards some points purely for seniority. Until the 1970s, Birmingham had few black police officers and firemen.

"This isn't just a reversal," said Ralph Neas, executive director of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights. "It's renegeing." The original settlement, said Birmingham Mayor Richard Arrington, who helped negotiate it, "could have healed a 100-year-old wound. Now we will have to fight old battles"—in a federal courtroom, not in Birmingham's streets. ■



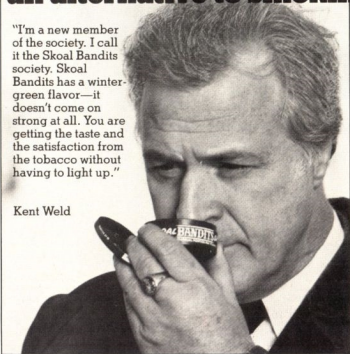
Metzenbaum



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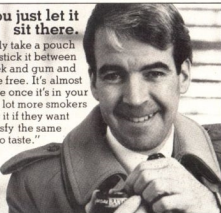
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## Red-Handed?

De Lorean gets his day in court

*Claims the defense: "This is a fictitious crime. Without the Government there would be no crime. This is one of the most insidious and misguided law-enforcement operations in history."*

*Claims the prosecution: "This is a classic case of a guilty defendant caught red-handed, desperately trying to transfer blame for his apprehension and disgrace to the Government. It is difficult to imagine a more willing participant in a narcotics transaction than John Z. De Lorean."*

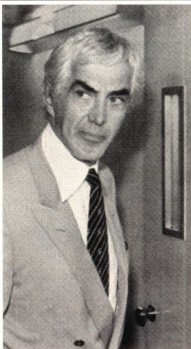
The legal arguments, sharply drawn in pretrial statements, are reminiscent of those heard in the Abscam cases. The lawyers for fallen Auto Magnate John Zachary De Lorean claim that he was a victim of entrapment when the FBI secretly filmed him fingering packets of cocaine in a Los Angeles hotel room nearly 17 months ago. The Government contends that its undercover sting was aimed at known drug smugglers and that De Lorean, to the astonishment of federal agents, walked right into the net. He is charged with conspiring to distribute \$24 million worth of cocaine in a futile effort to raise funds and keep his ailing sports car company from going bankrupt.\*

Last week, in an unusual procedure, Federal Judge Robert Takasugi asked some 177 potential jurors to fill out a 42-page questionnaire. The 110 wide-ranging questions include: "Have you or has any member of your family or any acquaintance ever owned a De Lorean gull-winged sports car?" "Have you or any member of your family used cocaine?" "Do you object to the Government being involved in 'sting' undercover operations, where the Government takes the role of supplying drugs to the person who wants to buy them...?"

The pretrial publicity has been vast. De Lorean, lanky and handsome at 59, and his fashion model wife, Cristina, 34, make lively copy and photos. De Lorean's rise to the top corporate ranks at General Motors, his attempt to prove that he was an automotive genius by creating and producing his own \$26,000 futuristic car, and his disastrous wrong turn into association with agents posing as drug smugglers, all are the stuff of high drama. Declares Defense Attorney Donald Ré: "I have very serious concerns about whether an impartial jury, to which John is entitled, can be found."

One of many trial delays was caused by the insistence of CBS-TV on broadcasting an FBI videotape of De Lorean's arrest at the Sheraton Plaza La Reina hotel near the Los Angeles airport on Oct. 19, 1982. The tape had been made available by the ubiquitous and unsavory Larry Flynt,

\*De Lorean's company filed for bankruptcy in October 1982. A grand jury is investigating allegations by creditors that some \$17 million in company assets is missing.



The drug defendant in Los Angeles

Was he trapped or properly stung?

publisher of *Hustler* magazine. In the film, De Lorean talks with agents posing as drug dealers, fondles the coke packets and says, "It's better than gold." A door opens and a man enters. "Hi John," the stranger says folksily. "I'm Jerry West from the FBI. You're under arrest for narcotics-smuggling violations."

The defense will contend that De Lorean thought he was meeting with legitimate businessmen to persuade them to invest in his car company. But De Lorean's lawyers must overcome the evidence on five hours of videotapes and 58 audio recordings that will be the heart of the Government's case. The defense will also try to destroy the credibility of a main prosecution witness, James Timothy Hoffman, a former drug dealer and onetime California neighbor of De Lorean's, who helped get De Lorean involved with the undercover agents. The defense will claim that Hoffman enticed De Lorean into the trap and even used threats in warning him not to pull out. The prosecution will argue that De Lorean had freely sought Hoffman's help in acquiring much needed cash from drug sources.

Four television vans are already parked outside the federal courthouse in downtown Los Angeles. Forty-four seats in the courtroom have been set aside for U.S. and foreign news organizations. An adjoining room will hold another 60 reporters. De Lorean, who had difficulty raising his \$5 million bail and is paying his high legal fees partly with loans from friends, will probably testify on his own behalf. Cristina may also be called by the defense. The drama's climactic courtroom chapter could last more than two months. ■

## Booming Busts

Pot is still legally hazardous

David Miller, a student at Rutgers, "didn't think it could happen." When his roommate called the police to report a burglary in their New Jersey house, Miller's budding cannabis plants were in plain view. Said he: "I know more people who smoke pot than smoke cigarettes." The police, when they arrived, were less blasé. They arrested and handcuffed his roommate on the spot. Miller later pleaded guilty to charges of possession in order to clear his roommate's name and challenge the constitutionality of the police search.

More than 30 million Americans smoke marijuana, and most are only dimly aware of breaking the law as they do it. Now that eleven states have "decriminalized" marijuana and made it only a minor offense, most users seem to assume that society has decided simply to look the other way. Not the police, however. There are more than 400,000 marijuana busts each year, and well over half of those arrests are for mere possession, sometimes for less dope than fills one joint.

The increase in arrests appears to be due less to a boost in police zeal than to the all too noticeable proliferation of pot smoking. The Drug Enforcement Administration estimates that some 30 million lbs. of marijuana were imported or grown in the U.S. last year, up from some 26 million five years ago. Even in states where budget cuts have reduced police manpower, drug busts are way up—often inadvertently. Patrolmen discover marijuana seeds in a car stopped for speeding or, as in hapless Miller's case, while responding to a burglary report.

Why do police persist in arresting people for a crime that is widely viewed as victimless and rarely punished by more than a fine? Captain Joseph Craparotta, supervisor of the New Jersey narcotics bureau, answers, "We do not distinguish among drugs. We do our jobs." Indeed, many narcotics officers in states that do differentiate between hard and soft drugs with the law did not. Sergeant Eugene Rudolph of the Los Angeles County sheriff's office complains that in his jurisdiction, marijuana is "almost as accepted as alcohol," and believes that "marijuana should be dealt with more harshly." He can take heart in a new movement to "recriminalize" marijuana in California. Currently, the fine for possessing an ounce of marijuana is \$100, payable by mail. A nine-member state commission appointed by state Attorney General John Van de Kamp has recommended legislation to impose steep fines and jail sentences for the possession, cultivation or sale of marijuana, no matter how small the amount. Even if legislatures do not increase the penalties for pot, its devotees should beware. Warns New York City Attorney Gerald Lefcourt: "That doesn't mean the police won't still make the arrests." ■

# W

hat started out as an open house,  
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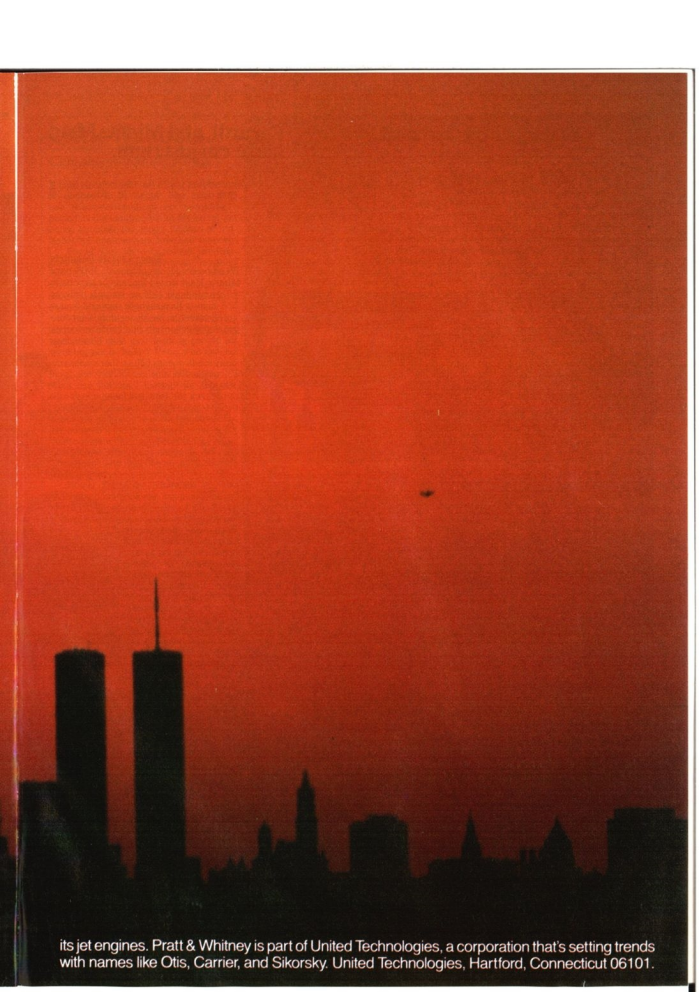


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## Little Rascals

Campaigning family-style

In an election year, all First Families are supposed to be happy. The usual rifts and misunderstandings get temporarily buried as the candidate and his brood put on an enviable campaign tableau of old-fashioned togetherness, love and support.

For all their show-biz blood, the Reagans sometimes miss their cues. Daughter Patti Davis, 31, recently told her hometown newspaper, the Santa Monica *Evening Outlook*, "I wish he wouldn't run. I wish he'd go live on the ranch."

The aspiring actress said that living with a boyfriend is as normal as "brushing your teeth," and that busting people for smoking pot is "silly." Patti, who did not participate in the 1980 race, will not campaign for her father this fall either: "I don't like politics." Luckily for Reagan, who campaigned last week for a return to "traditional values," Patti's outspoken views did not receive wide coverage. But her modern ways have caused a stir in the White House. Nancy Reagan was especially upset after Patti came to visit last Christmas with her beau, a California yoga instructor.

Eldest Daughter Maureen, 43, has also caused controversy, but of a different sort. Her longtime support of the Equal Rights Amendment (which Reagan opposes) and blunt opinions provoked arch-conservative Activist Terry Dolan to request last week that she be "muzzled." There is little chance of that. The President said last week that he was "completely satisfied" with Maureen's performance as a consultant on women's issues to the Republican National Committee.

Patti Davis

Maureen Reagan

Adopted Son Michael, 38, a Los Angeles businessman, supports Reagan but says he will not join him on the hustings. In a peevish interview last summer, Michael complained that Reagan had never even laid eyes on his youngest grandchild, Ashley Marie, now almost a year old. Michael subsequently explained that he had spoken out of "jealousy."

As for Ron, 25, he will do his bit in his own way. Last year he quit the Joffrey Ballet company and became a freelance journalist. One assignment: an article about his dad for *Family Circle* magazine's June issue, just in time for Father's Day. What better way to make a father proud—and maybe even win a few votes. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sider

## Taking Cues from on High

As he did with many other things in modern politics, old Joe Kennedy, the family patriarch with megabucks and fevered ambition for his sons, may have played a part in bringing the evangelical aura to the modern presidency.

A few days after John Kennedy's election in 1960, Old Joe paced his apartment on Park Avenue in green slippers and bathrobe, trying to sound profound on being the father of a President. He was having a terrible time. So he switched the subject to Billy Graham, who had just played golf with the President-elect



J.F.K. and Billy Graham at a 1961 prayer breakfast

down in Palm Beach and proclaimed to the press that "the Bible teaches that we are to pray for those in authority."

Back in the 1950s, Old Joe explained, he had been in Germany with Boston's then Archbishop Richard Cushing. One night in Frankfurt they wandered out to a Graham rally. "My God," recounted Old Joe, "there must have been 30,000 Germans out to hear this guy. I turned to the Archbishop and said, 'What's he got?' And then I said, 'Whatever it is, Jack had better get to know him.'" If memory is not too dim, Old Joe then said he had looked Graham up after the rally and suggested the reverend get together with his Senator son. Dutiful son that he was, J.F.K. did make it a point to cultivate the evangelist. Billy Graham and his like seem to have been edging nearer to the Oval Office ever since. Power attracts power.

Next thing we knew, George McGovern, the son of a pastor and an obvious chip off the old block, was running (badly) for President. Jimmy Carter (who made it) and John Anderson (who did not) were virtually lay ministers before and during their political careers. Now we are inundated with Presidents and candidates who have a strong evangelical tinge or background. Both Walter Mondale and his wife are the children of preachers. Gary Hart, who once planned to become a minister, comes out of deep Bible country in Kansas, attended a religious college, then went on to the Yale Divinity School, though he long ago abandoned regular churchgoing. The Rev. Jesse Jackson is a practicing preacher. He runs a presidential campaign like a camp meeting.

Ronald Reagan's godly fervor has been building during his three White House years, and there are moments now when he seems to be more a man of the cloth than a man of politics. He unabashedly tells people he is giving his remaining years to the Lord. Not only is Billy Graham still hovering around the presidency, but electronic soul savers like Jerry Falwell can often be found in the back corridors of the White House.

What's going on here? In the first 77 years of this century we had only one President, Woodrow Wilson, who was so clearly shaped by a church background. His father was a Presbyterian minister. While we have always had religious men, or those professing to be religious men, in the White House, the fusing of spiritual zeal and presidential power is a fairly recent development.

Viet Nam, Watergate, the uncertainties of the nuclear age, the breakdown of families and neighborhoods have all spurred heightened concern with morality. Both Democrats and Republicans claim to see the light. While a Mondale can reasonably call on Government to take some from the wealthy and give it to the poor, a Reagan can logically cry for individual responsibility and community standards of decency.

A lot of people are rightly worried about Presidents' taking their cues from on high. Woodrow Wilson's fervor sank his marvelous ideas about peace. Jimmy Carter's conviction that he had a special relationship with God and could get answers through prayer instead of the National Security Council may have been the biggest cause of his ineptitude. Reagan is at his worst when he is thumping his Bible and counting God among his Cabinet. He had best heed some old advice. "I am concerned to know not whether the Lord is on my side," said Abraham Lincoln, "but whether I am on the Lord's side."

## World

THE GULF

# Clouds of Desperation

*Poison gas, child soldiers and growing fears of a new offensive*

Iran and Iraq have little to be proud of in their conduct of the 42-month-old war in the Persian Gulf. Iraq shoulders the blame for starting it all, invading Iran in a reckless attempt to seize some long-disputed border territory from the new and untried revolutionary government of the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini. Iran, having repulsed the invasion, has taken the war into Iraq in hopes of forcing the downfall of Iraqi President Saddam Hussein and the creation in Baghdad of an Islamic republic modeled

gas, which burns, incapacitates and, in many cases, kills its victims. But the Iraqi chemical attacks were apparently not widespread until last month. "The real action has been since Feb. 22," says a senior U.S. official. "We have very conclusive intelligence." Evidence of mustard-gas burns is appearing in the blistered skin, lungs and other tissue of some Iranian soldiers, including 15 victims who were flown to Western Europe last week for treatment.

Mustard gas, first used by Germany

fired at enemy targets in artillery shells, although most of it is put into large drums, loaded onto wooden pallets and then dropped from helicopters and Soviet-made Il-76 transport planes. Each pallet contains six drums and weighs about five tons. The drums burst on impact, spreading the gas over a wide area. The use of gas undoubtedly contributed to Iraq's recent victories. Says Ricardo Fraile, a Paris-based consultant on chemical and biological warfare: "The chemical weapons used by the Third World do not have to be sophisticated since the people they are used against do not have any protection. A simple gas like mustard gas can be very effective against men who do not have protective clothing."

By January, the Reagan Administration was sure that Iraq was using mustard gas, but did not know what to do about it. U.S. diplomats privately informed Iraqi officials of Washington's concern, yet were reluctant to go public with their criticism because they feared that to do so would diminish whatever limited influence the U.S. had in Iraq. Throughout the early years of the war, the U.S. had maintained its neutrality in the conflict. For the past several months, however, the U.S. has tilted slightly toward Iraq. Officials in Washington say that the Administration has been edging toward a restoration of diplomatic ties with the Saddam Hussein government, assuming Iraq was interested. The reason: if Saddam Hussein should fall and be replaced by a fanatical Shi'ite Muslim government, other regimes in the region, including those of Kuwait and perhaps even Saudi Arabia, would be threatened.

The ability of the U.S. to support the Iraqis could be seriously impaired by the poison-gas issue. U.S. officials have repeatedly denounced the Soviet Union for allegedly using chemical weapons in Afghanistan, Laos and Kampuchea. Washington has long advocated a permanent ban on the manufacture and possession of poison-gas weapons, though the Administration, somewhat inconsistently, is seeking to increase the Pentagon's chemical and biological-warfare capability. Nonetheless, the U.S. has plans to negotiate a worldwide ban on such weapons and is expected to submit a draft proposal to that effect when the Geneva disarmament talks reopen next month. Since the Soviet Union has hinted that it might be interested, the U.S. regards the issue as a vehicle that could possibly



**Iranian with facial burns, apparently from effects of chemical warfare, lies in Vienna hospital**  
*Lesions, lung damage, spinal cord injury, but no conclusive evidence.*

on Iran's own. Iran has routinely executed large numbers of Iraqi prisoners of war, in violation of the Geneva Convention. More recently, Khomeini has thrown tens of thousands of virtually untrained Iranian teen-agers and even children into battle in human-wave attacks, seemingly oblivious to the carnage. By contrast, Saddam Hussein, who now wants to bring the war to an end while he still has a job and a country, began to look almost like a humanitarian. Last week, however, there was evidence that tended to put matters back into a grimmer perspective. From Washington and elsewhere came convincing reports that Saddam Hussein's forces have been using poison gas against the Iranians.

Since last October, the U.S. has suspected Iraq of using homemade mustard

during World War I, was banned under the Geneva Convention of 1925, which both Iran and Iraq signed. But many countries maintain stockpiles of the gas for possible retaliation in time of war. Iraq is believed to have started developing its own chemical capability in the 1960s, using Soviet-supplied equipment, and by the 1970s was making chemical weapons. There were reports from the Middle East last week that Iraq's mustard gas had been supplied by companies in Britain or Italy, and it is true that Iraq at one time tried but failed to buy chemical plants from British and Italian firms. Most authorities now believe, however, that the gas is manufactured by Iraq's own fairly sophisticated chemical industry.

A military expert in Iraq told TIME that some of the mustard gas has been

bring about a slight thaw in East-West relations.

Last week, as charges that Iraq was using poison gas spread, the Administration decided it could remain silent no longer. It accused Iraq of using "lethal chemical weapons" against Iran but tried to soften the blow by including some criticism of the Khomeini government. After denouncing the Iraqis, State Department Spokesman John Hughes added, "The U.S. finds the present Iranian regime's intransigent refusal to deviate from its avowed objective of eliminating the legitimate government of neighboring Iraq to be inconsistent with the accepted norms of behavior among nations."

Until Washington weighed in, the Iraqis had been stoutly maintaining that they had not used poison gas and that the charges had been concocted by the Iranians to excuse their battlefield defeats. The Iraqis continued to deny the charge, though they did not rule out the possible use of chemical warfare in the future. Said Major General Sabah al Fakhri, commander of Iraqi forces east of the Tigris River: "If a superpower threatened the U.S., what would it do? We too have our dignity and honor. We are not going to meet the invader with flowers and perfume. We are going to use all available means at our disposal to defend the nation." Major General Maher Abed al Rashid, whose Iraqi Third Corps is fighting in the area around Basra, insisted that there were no such weapons within his command. He pointed out that poison gas would be extremely difficult to use in a close-combat situation. But he added, "If you gave me some insecticide that I could squirt at this swarm of mosquitoes, I would use it so that they would be exterminated, thus benefiting humanity by saving the world from these pests."

**W**hen they learned of the U.S. charges, the Iraqis were annoyed. "What did the Americans have to say about the slaughter of Iraqi prisoners by the Iranians?" demanded Defense Minister Adnan Khairallah. He pointed out that the U.S. had been "the only state to use nuclear weapons" and had done so on the "pretext of limiting the period of war." He accused the U.S. of trying to curry favor with Iran and blamed the whole controversy on "some Zionist adviser" in Washington who was trying to incite "anti-Iraqi or anti-Arab sentiments." Saddam Hussein also accused the U.S. of hypocrisy, saying that Washington's policy was based on "selfish national interest at the expense of truth, honor and principle."

Much of the evidence was undocumented, to be sure. Radio Tehran declared that the Iraqis had used mustard gas in last week's fighting. It said that more than 1,100 Iranian soldiers had been affected by the yellow gas but that some had been treated and sent back into battle. In Austria and Sweden, doctors who examined the Iranian victims decided that their injuries had probably been



The living and the dead: Iraqi soldiers survey bodies of Iranians killed in offensive north of Basra

## World

caused by mustard gas but felt that the case against Iraq was inconclusive. In Belgium, however, toxicologists who examined the blood, urine and stools of two Iranian soldiers treated in Vienna found evidence of two poisons, mycotoxin and mustard gas. Three of the 15 soldiers who had been sent to Western Europe for treatment died of their injuries.

Iraq's resort to chemical warfare may betray a growing desperation on the part of Saddam Hussein over Iran's human-wave assaults. Many military observers in the region are expecting an Iranian offensive within the next few weeks that could prove to be the decisive battle of the war. Together the two sides have an estimated 400,000 troops in the battle zone, and the number is increasing. Iran has not yet committed its regular troops to battle, and Iraq has not moved in all its reserves.

**D**uring last week's lull, Western journalists visited some villages in the Al Huwaiza marshes that had been seized by the Iranians and then recaptured by the Iraqis. The town of Al Beida was badly damaged, with many of its houses leveled. Burned-out boats littered the shore. A few bodies of Iranian soldiers, now gray-brown like the earth, floated in the marshes. Arab women, in black chadors, their faces and hands tattooed, returned to their village to rescue whatever remained of their possessions—a bedroll, a television set. The thump of artillery sounded in the distance.

The next focal point of the fighting will be the Majnoon oilfield, which lies beneath a man-made island in the marshlands. The Iranians captured Majnoon last month, and the Iraqis had counterattacked several times in an effort to take it back. The oilfield contains 7 billion bbl. of known crude-oil reserves and is a prize for



An Iranian soldier held prisoner in Basra

either side. Some Iranians have suggested that their government would gladly accept the oilfield as all or part of the war reparations due from Iraq in the event of an Iranian victory. In their counterattacks last week, the Iraqis are said to have lost 1,000 men in one day's fighting and 800 in the next. Even so, the Iranians are believed to be suffering between three and five times as many casualties as the Iraqis.

The Iranian objective is to capture the port city of Basra, deny Iraq access to its southern oilfields, sever its connection to the gulf, and thereby cause Saddam Hussein to fall. But at the same time, the Iranians have deployed some of their jet fighters and Hovercraft to southern Iran at the neck of the Strait of Hormuz. The implication is that they wish to be ready for a possible strike against Western tankers using the Persian Gulf. The rumors of a widening war were serious enough last week to cause Lloyd's of London to double the price of insurance for tankers using the gulf.\*

\*The new rate: 1.5% of a vessel's value for seven days of coverage.



Homeless Iraqis, refugees from the war-damaged village of Al Beida, leave with a few belongings. Bodies of Iranian soldiers, now gray-brown like the earth, floated in the marshes.

In Tehran, 500 miles from the scene of the recent fighting, Khomeini seemed little disturbed by the losses his forces are enduring. Those Iranians who are advocating a peace settlement, he told a throng of supporters, do not understand that "this is not a war for territory, it is a war between Islam and blasphemy." A clergy-controlled newspaper said two weeks ago that Iran must "liberate" enough of Iraq to create a base for "a government within a government" and to bring Iranian artillery within range of Baghdad. At that point, the paper continued, "the only option left to Saddam would be to withdraw from the capital." That is an intoxicating dream for the Iranian mullahs: an Islamic empire run by Shi'ite caliphs from Tehran, and not by Sunni caliphs from Baghdad.

In his speech last week, Khomeini urged his troops not to return home to celebrate the Iranian new year, which begins on March 21. This could have been a tacit admission that large numbers of "volunteers" have refused to participate in human-wave attacks and are taking any opportunity to desert the war zone. Many of them were lured to the front after being told that they would become part of a reserve corps for the defense of Iranian cities in event of an emergency and that they were needed to march in the giant parade to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the revolution. After that parade last month, tens of thousands of youngsters, many of them no more than twelve or 14 years old, were transported not back to their homes, as they had expected, but straight to the front.

Another sign that the nation's revolutionary fervor may be ebbing is that the Islamic Guards, Khomeini's elite military organization, are actively conscripting new members. Until recently, the Guards screened all applicants scrupulously to make sure that no opponents of the regime were admitted to membership. Now, however, the Guards are competing with the army for recruits. In some cases, the Guards have taken young draftees who were awaiting induction into the army, creating yet another area of friction between the Guards and the armed forces.

Thus, political pressure for ending the war is increasing on both sides of the Shatt al Arab waterway, but probably not quickly enough to prevent the loss of many more lives. Anthony Cordesman, a U.S. scholar specializing in gulf affairs, notes that as the level of engagement has intensified, the unwritten agreement that for two years restricted reciprocal attacks against oil installations has effectively collapsed. "It is a measure of how bad things have become," he says, "that after all these casualties, it is hard to get excited about the use of poison gas. It is just another of the steps that both sides are willing to take."

—By William E. Smith.

Reported by Barry Hillenbrand/Baghdad and Raji Samghabadi/New York





*The Stegmanns on their 20th visit to Bermuda.*

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*The Barton family on their 2nd visit.*

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## MIDDLE EAST

**Holy Terror***New killings and a crackdown*

**S**ectarian murder, that tit-for-tat madness so familiar to residents of war-torn Lebanon, found a new venue last week in the streets of Israel and the occupied West Bank. In the Israeli port of Ashdod, 22 miles from Tel Aviv, an Arab grenade exploded on a crowded bus, killing three Israelis and wounding ten others. Responsibility for the action was claimed by the Black June terrorist group, a breakaway faction of the Palestine Liberation Organization based in the Syrian capital of Damascus. Only three days earlier, a bus carrying some 60 Palestinian laborers from their West Bank homes to work in Jerusalem had been raked with submachine-gun fire by two masked gunmen. Seven Arabs were wounded, two seriously.

The differences between Lebanon and Israel stood out sharply, however. Within 24 hours after the West Bank shooting, Israeli security forces had begun a crackdown on one of the country's most disturbing phenomena, the rise of Jewish terrorism. Members of the Shin Bet, Israel's internal security service, arrested seven U.S. citizens and subsequently detained four of them on suspicion of complicity in the attack on the Palestinian laborers. The four detainees were later identified as active members of the ultra-nationalist Kach movement, led by

Meir Kahane, founder of the U.S.-based Jewish Defense League. In another raid, Israeli police arrested three fundamentalist Jews who reportedly confessed to involvement in an abortive attempt last January to blow up Jerusalem's two most important Islamic shrines, the Al-Aqsa mosque and the Dome of the Rock. Days later, the police uncovered a major arms cache near Jerusalem, including grenades, antitank weapons and mines, some still in Israel Defense Forces casings. Said a Shin Bet official: "It is impossible to be sure that we have managed to put an end to Jewish terrorism,



Victim of the Black June bombing at Ashdod

**Time for Talk***Arguing Lebanon's future*

**P**ace and quiet, Lebanese-style, descended on the shattered remnants of Beirut last week. On most days, only occasional bursts of machine-gun fire flew across the "green line" separating the Christian eastern part of the city from the predominantly Muslim west. Late in the week, heavier machine-gun and rocket duels erupted between Christian and Muslim militiamen, killing two people and wounding at least 27 others. But in the early stages of the uneasy *Pax Syriana* imposed two weeks ago by Syrian President Hafez Assad, the main participants in the Lebanese tragedy were trying to shift most of their efforts from shooting to squabbling over the political future of their battered nation. Even under Assad's tutelage, the question was whether the Lebanese could reach any sort of agreement that will not result in further fragmentation of the country.

A meeting of the various Lebanese factions is scheduled to take up that issue this week in Lausanne, Switzerland. As a prelude to the conference, the rump government of Lebanese President Amin Gemayel last week did the ex-

pected by formally canceling its May 17 security agreement with Israel. But Gemayel's Druze and Muslim opponents in Lebanon will be asking for far more than that in Lausanne. They intend to demand a fundamental restructuring of the Christian-dominated power-sharing arrangement on which Lebanese politics have been based since 1943.

Gemayel's chief military opponents, Druze Leader Walid Jumblatt and Nabih Berri, the head of the Shi'ite Amal militia, plan to seek a new electoral system for Lebanon's moribund 99-member parliament, involving nationwide proportional representation. If accepted, the arrangement would strongly favor the country's Muslims, who make up 50% to 60% of the Lebanese population. In addition, Jumblatt and Berri are determined to end the longstanding Christian Maronite domination of the upper reaches of the Lebanese civil service and army.

Reacting to those anticipated changes, a growing number of Maronites favor the outright division of Lebanon into religious and political enclaves. A spokesman for the Christians' powerful Lebanese Forces militia went so far last week as to threaten to ignore the results of the Lausanne meeting if they were deemed unsatisfactory. Meanwhile, in Jerusalem, another kind of territorial split for Lebanon was under consideration. By

but we have moved some steps forward."

Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, unlike his predecessor Menachem Begin, is eager to demonstrate evenhandedness in opposing both Jewish and Arab terrorism. There is good reason to do so. In the past four years, fanatical Jewish activists have launched more than 40 terrorist operations against Arab and Christian homes and institutions in Israel and the West Bank. Among the more spectacular crimes: the attempted assassination of three West Bank Arab mayors in June 1980 and an assault last summer on Hebron's Islamic University in which three Arabs were killed and 33 wounded. Responsibility for the latest West Bank machine-gunning was claimed by a unit of the clandestine organization TNT, a Hebrew abbreviation for Terror Against Terror.

**O**ne Israeli official last week saw the threat of Jewish-Arab violence as reason to pursue one of his country's most inflammatory policies, the settlement of Israelis in the West Bank. In a radio interview, Minister Without Portfolio Ariel Sharon raised the hypothetical possibility of Israeli military retaliation against West Bank towns for Arab terrorist acts, unless Jewish settlers are moved into every Arab community. Said Sharon: "If [the West Bank city of] Nablus will be a place which is a center of terror, and Jews won't enter it, it is reasonable to assume that the day may come when Israel will have to shell Nablus." Sharon's conclusion: "By no means is it possible to leave one place in which there will be no Jews." ■

the terms of the May 17 agreement, Israel was bound to withdraw its 22,000 troops from southern Lebanon provided that Syria, with 62,000 troops on Lebanese soil, did likewise. Now the Israeli Cabinet is apparently considering withdrawal of the troops only from their current defensive line at the Awali River to new positions on the Zaharani River, about seven miles to the south.

In Washington, Secretary of State George Shultz continued to insist before Congress that the U.S. was willing to lend a hand in achieving a political solution in Lebanon. While Shultz spoke, the number of U.S. warships stationed off the shores of Beirut was dwindling from about 20 to twelve. In tacit recognition of their impotence, Shultz and various Congressmen traded barbs over the American policy failure in Lebanon, contributing heat but no light to that country's future.

Finally, in the Syrian capital of Damascus, an additional cause for speculation emerged as President Assad, who is known to be ailing, abruptly shuffled his entire 37-member Cabinet. Reagan Administration experts interpreted the move as no more than a restatement of Assad's domestic authority. Overseeing the rearrangement of the political chessboard in Lebanon could prove to be a greater test of the Syrian leader's mettle. ■

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## Machine Guns in Paradise

*U.S. forces arm, and alarm, the Spice Islands*

*Is it necessary to have so much soldiers in this small country?*

*No, no, no, no.*

*Is it necessary to shine soldiers' boots with taxpayers' money?*

*No, no, no, no.*

*Well, don't tell Tommy, he put them in St. Lucy*

*Unemployment high, and the Treasury low.*

*And he buying boots to cover soldiers' toe.*

*I see them boots, boots, boots and more boots*

*On the feet of the young trigger-happy recruits.*

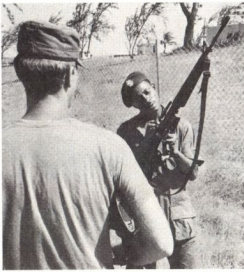
—Boots, by Anthony Carter

The "Tommy" of that popular calypso song is Barbados Prime Minister Tom Adams, 53, whose 1979 decision to dispatch friendly troops to the nearby island-nation of St. Vincent and the Grenadines moved one local songwriter to tuneful protest. Adams' aid to his neighbor enabled St. Vincent to send its own security force to suppress an uprising on outlying Union Island. Now, almost five years later, that Barbadian intervention still upsets many in the usually placid eastern Caribbean. Adams is sensitive about the matter too. *Boots* has been banned in Barbados.

Nonetheless, the ditty is on local lips more than ever these days as conversation piece and as cautionary tale. The U.S.-led invasion of Grenada last October has been followed by a sudden and sizable militarization of the six other island states in the eastern Caribbean.\* The U.S. is sending \$15 million in military assistance to the region this year, 75 times more than in 1981. The aid package includes machine guns, automatic rifles, grenade launchers, radio equipment, uniforms and, of course, boots. At the same time, eight- to twelve-member U.S. Army Special Forces teams have been conducting training courses for soldiers and policemen on five of the sweet-smelling Spice Islands. Those developments are reassuring to some islanders, who feel that a build-up is long overdue and that by strengthening their defense forces they can resist leftist insurgencies. Other residents, however, fear that larger local armies will bring more war than peace to the region, turn their islands into U.S. satellites and thrust them into the middle of superpower conflicts. Says Dominica's former Finance Minister Michael Douglas: "During the last few months, we have seen a

lot of military assistance akin to that in El Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras."

That may be something of an exaggeration, but the languorous region is certainly unaccustomed to military force. Until now, the eastern Caribbean islands have generally done without armies. St. Kitts-Nevis established a defense force in 1967, but found it to be so expensive and unproductive that nearly 14 years later it converted all its soldiers to policemen and firemen. Dominica disbanded its military force in 1981 after many key officers were implicated in a failed coup attempt. Indeed, with the exception of Antigua and Barbados, the islands have been guarded mainly by policemen since they began to win independence from Britain in the 1960s. "They had no form of transporta-



U.S. soldier training St. Kitts-Nevis islander in Barbados

*Will increased arms bring more war than peace?*

tion or weapons for use in the field," says Donald Dunn, the Barbados-based U.S. Navy commander who is the liaison officer for the new American training operation. "The British left them at the mercy of anyone who wanted to cause them mischief."

The teams of Green Berets sent down from Fort Bragg, N.C., are working to change all that. By the end of the month they will have completed their second six-week course and finished training some 80 men from each of the six islands in skills like map reading, conducting basic field operations and using the new U.S. weapons. Most of the graduates will become part of the Caribbean Peace-keeping Force, which could eventually replace the 300 U.S. troops still serving in Grenada.

That, however, may be just the beginning. At the annual conference of his ruling Labor Party in January, Tom Adams

issued a spirited proposal for a region-wide regular army. The defense force, he said, would be merely an extension of a 1981 regional security pact under which each of the islands agreed to provide volunteer assistance for the others in the face of such problems as hurricanes, smugglers or threats to national security. The pact was most famously invoked during the Grenada invasion, when a total of 300 police and soldiers from six islands were sent to support the 8,000 U.S. fighting troops. Champions of the proposed regional defense force insist that it would include no more than 1,000 troops, but Barbadian Brigadier Rudyard Lewis, the regional security coordinator, has already suggested that the contingent should have as many as 1,800 men. An informed Barbadian analyst predicts that the final tab for such a force could amount to almost \$100 million over five years.

Such figures have raised questions, and some tempers, in a region that may be richer in protest songs than ready cash. "Our banana and grapefruit economies can't maintain a gun state," declares Egerton M. Richards, publisher of the staid weekly *Vincentian*. Other pleas have been even more plangent. The St. Vincent opposition paper *New Times* greeted the arrival of a U.S. training team on the island with an impassioned editorial: "We want roads, and an international airport. We want university scholarships abroad. We want food, technology and cash, not guns, please." Some islanders fear that the presence of American visitors in uniform may sabotage the more lucrative business of attracting American visitors in swimsuits.

Or worse. Last December, only two weeks after he arrived on St. Vincent, U.S. Master Sergeant Willie Washington was sitting in a bar when an islander named Keith Walker began taunting him about the U.S. presence. Tempers flared; Washington threw Walker to the floor, and another local retaliated by flinging a barstool at the American. At that point, Washington allegedly drew his gun and beat the second islander about the head with it. After arriving on the scene, police arrested only the two Vincentians. The incident merely intensified misgivings about the presence of arms.

Some of those worries were voiced by James Mitchell, former St. Vincent Prime Minister and current opposition leader. The influx of advisers and arms, claims Mitchell, disturbs him as much as the oppressive Grenadian regime that provoked it. "It was the first political leader in the Caribbean to call for intervention in Grenada," he says. "But the Americans arming the islands are making the same mistake the Grenadian revolutionaries made. The armies you set up to deter others always end up pointing their guns at the government and the people." —By Pico Iyer. Reported by Bernard Diederich/Bridgetown

\*Antigua and Barbuda; Barbados; Dominica; St. Kitts-Nevis; St. Lucia; and St. Vincent and the Grenadines.

## World

ASIA

### Let Them Shoot Smack

*Heroin, once mostly an export, is now a scourge at home*

It is well after the noon hour in the sprawling urban slum where 22-year-old Mali lives. Clothes hang on a nearby line, and small children play in the dusty path. Squatting on a doorstep, Mali (a pseudonym) lifts her scarred right arm and feels for a usable vein. No one seems to notice as she grips one end of a yellow plastic cord in her teeth and winds the other end tightly around her arm, readying it for the needle. It could be the South Bronx, East Los Angeles, Amsterdam or London—the traditional dumping grounds for Asia's deadly commodity, heroin. But this is mid-afternoon in Bangkok, capital of Thailand, where heroin has long been perceived as an illegal export sold only abroad to residents of the U.S. and other weak-willed Western cultures.

The wheel has turned. Caught in a squeeze between overproduction of heroin and eroding markets overseas, Asians are now selling to Asians, with devastating effect. Though official statistics do not exist, the worst estimates suggest that Thailand alone may have more addicts than the U.S. Nowhere has the scourge spread more swiftly than in Pakistan, where the number of heroin users has exploded from virtually none before 1980 to an estimated 200,000 by the end of last year. Malaysian police report that as much as 70% of all crime in the nation is now related to drugs. More than 4,500 addicts are in prison, and last year 1,000 soldiers were dismissed from the Malaysian army for drug involvement. In neighboring Thailand, long permissive in matters of vice, some leading authorities now favor stringent antidrug laws and compulsory rehabilitation. In India, new users range from drivers of Delhi's scooter taxis to affluent businessmen who view a quick fix as the fashionable thing to do.

The most alarming usage among the young can be found in Pakistan, where a survey last summer of 500 engineering and medical students at the University of Karachi revealed that 12% are addicts. Heroin is so prevalent that enterprising pushers use women and children for home delivery of the drug, hidden in vegetable baskets. After Pakistani mothers took to the streets to demand tighter drug laws, President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq decreed a life sentence and 30 lashes for heroin merchants.

The problem began in the mid-1970s, when many American users be-

gan to realize just how lethal "smack" could be and when a rival drug, cocaine, rose to new prominence. With heroin falling out of fashion, the number of hardcore American users has dropped from a peak of 700,000 a decade ago to 500,000 today. The slippage in this key market coincided with a 1979 drought in the Golden Triangle, the mountainous region where Burma, Thailand and Laos meet. The area has long produced much of the world's supply of poppies, from which opium and heroin are derived. The resulting rise in prices only accelerated the switch to cocaine in the U.S.

Meanwhile, poppy growers in the Golden Crescent, which cuts across Iran,



Mali, 22, and her heroin in a Bangkok slum



Uncovering a Pakistani heroin cache hidden under truck floor boards in Peshawar In Karachi, pushers hide heroin for home delivery in vegetable baskets.

Afghanistan and Pakistan, rushed to exploit the high prices. But when the rains returned to the Golden Triangle in 1980, bumper crops followed, and suddenly growers from Iran to Thailand were saddled with a burgeoning surplus. Prices for high-grade heroin are still falling, as Asian dealers try to undercut one another in a multimillion-dollar scramble for new users. Hong Kong's 45,000 addicts can now shoot up for about the price of a movie ticket, \$3. In Malaysia, a fix costs less than \$2, no more than a beer.

Not all Asian nations have been afflicted with heroin. Japan, South Korea and Taiwan are largely free of hard drugs, thanks to firm law enforcement and strongly held traditional values. China, Indonesia and the Philippines serve primarily as transit points for shipment to the U.S. and Europe. Singapore, with its draconian antidrug laws, honest and efficient police force and intensive rehabilitation programs, reports a decline in heroin addiction.

In Pakistan, however, President Zia's measures have hardly disturbed the more than 400 drug dens still operating all along the highway from Peshawar to Karachi. An addict there can order a fix almost as easily as a meal in a restaurant. The nation's heroin trade is further bolstered by Afghan refugees, who peddle the drug to help pay for the rebellion against the Soviet-backed government in Kabul. Western intelligence sources say that the Kabul regime, with Soviet connivance, is also injecting Pakistan with heroin in a deliberate attempt to destabilize Pakistani society. Officials in Karachi have found no way to stop this traffic. A government report calls vast areas of the Afghan frontier virtually "unpoliceable."

Ironically, effective law enforcement sometimes seems to make matters worse. Thai narcotics agents ran down several top dealers in Bangkok last year, but the arrests merely prompted the owners of refineries in the Golden Triangle, which were already overloaded with stock, to market their wares independently. To attract new buyers they lowered prices and peddled their product aggressively in the south, where more than 70% of all Thai heroin users reside. The country's authorities report that they are now catching more traffickers. Nevertheless, as usual in the heroin business, more arrests also mean that pushers have to cut prices and redouble their efforts to find buyers, which in turn increases the number of Asian drug addicts. —By Lloyd Garrison. Reported by Dean Brellis/New Delhi and James Willwerth/Bangkok



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## World

WEST GERMANY

### Tossed Salad

#### The Greens in disarray

One delegate slung a live cat around his neck. Two Bundestag Deputies played soccer in the aisles. From the podium, a man in a clown suit complained that the conference was interfering with Carnival, West Germany's annual spasm of pre-Lenten revelry. A delegate suggested that male candidates for the European Parliament in Strasbourg, whose nomination was the purpose of the meeting, should "undress and present themselves in the nude because the human body reveals political attitudes." Keynote Speaker Antje Vollmer railed against the "industrialized nature-destroying internationalism of

KARIN HILL



A party delegate clowns at the debate

Fighting breaks out among the factions.

neocolonialist nation states." Finally, the proceedings were disrupted by a gang of youths in punk hairdos, who stormed the platform and beat up a photographer.

For West Germany's unconventional Green Party, those antics at its political conference in Karlsruhe's Black Forest convention center were only the most recent evidence of the disarray within its ranks. Launched four years ago as a broad coalition of peace activists, environmentalists and ex-Marxists, the Greens had promised an antiparty party that would rise above the infighting and compromise of traditional politics. Instead, the party has become fragmented, and fighting has broken out among the factions. Some Greens had hoped that the caucus would bring reconciliation. A battle over nominees for election to the European Community's Parliament, however, served merely to deepen the divisions further. Other festering disputes were left unaddressed. Said disappointed Petra Kelly, one of the Greens' leaders: "We'll just have to wait."

Time may be running out. After helping to lead the party's crusade against the

installation of American cruise and Pershing II missiles, retired two-star Bundeswehr General Gert Bastian quit the Greens last month, complaining of the creeping influence of the party's Marxist-Leninist faction and "a strong anti-American undertow." Elected last year as one of the party's 28 Green Deputies in the Bundestag, the gray-haired and soft-spoken 60-year-old was one of the few Greens with appeal to middle-class citizens seeking an alternative to the Social Democratic Party (SPD), West Germany's mainstream left-leaning party. Said Bastian of the internal feuding that encouraged him to resign: "In my entire life I have never experienced such an accumulation of distrust."

The chaotic caucus proceedings could only further tarnish the Greens' reputation with moderate voters. Green delegates to the Parliament, declared one speaker, should aim to "put sand in the gears." Well they may. Of the six candidates nominated by the party to stand in national elections to the Parliament this June, four of whom are likely to win seats, one is a Marxist lecturer once active in the radical S.D.S. of the 1960s, and two others have been sentenced to prison terms for publishing articles calling for political violence.

Threats to the Greens' unity come not just from within. Leaders of the SPD have already unleashed a strategy of "smothering the Greens" by co-opting many of the Greens' own issues, especially those concerning the environment. Indeed, weaning away moderate Greens is seen by the SPD as essential to a comeback from its 1983 defeat by Helmut Kohl's ruling coalition. Still, the Greens' worst enemies continue to be themselves. "If the Greens become a party of just young protesters," warns Werner Holzer, editor of the left-of-center *Frankfurter Rundschau*, "they won't stay in Bonn." For the moment, the Greens may have to concentrate simply on staying together. ■

POLAND

### Cross Words

#### Crucifixes in the classroom

A red-and-white banner adorned with four crucifixes loomed over the crowd at the Church of the Transfiguration in Garwolin, a rural community 40 miles southeast of Warsaw. THERE WAS NO PLACE FOR YOU, CHRIST, AT OUR SCHOOL, the banner said. In any other modern secular country, that message might simply have been a routine protest against the separation of church and state. But in Poland, where approximately 90% of the population is Roman Catholic, and the church is the only institution powerful enough to challenge the state, a battle over crucifixes in the classroom last week sparked one of the most fervid spontaneous demonstrations since martial law was lifted last July.

The dispute began when Ryszard Do-

minski, principal of an agricultural school at Mietno, two miles from Garwolin, took up a new government campaign to enforce a 1961 law banning the display of religious objects in public buildings. Dominski, a local Communist Party official, ordered crucifixes removed last December from seven lecture halls, where they had hung since the school's founding in the 1920s.

Last month a group of parents entered the school and hung more crosses. After those were removed last week, a number of students showed up in class with large crucifixes hanging from their necks. The following day, two-thirds of the school's 600 students staged a sit-in. After police threatened to use force to roust them, some of the young people sought refuge in the Church of the Transfiguration, where 2,500 students from nearby schools joined them for a morning of prayer

UPI



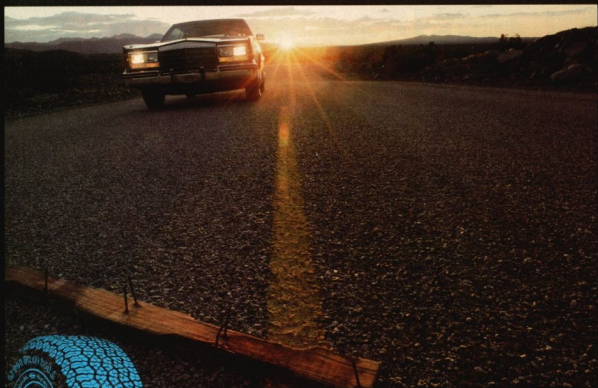
Students stage a protest Mass in Garwolin

Only the church can challenge the state.

in support of the Mietno protesters.

As police cruised outside, the crowd dispersed peacefully. The following day, however, the principal of a nearby school reportedly tried to resign rather than enforce the crucifix ban. Dominski met with parents at the Mietno school and tried to have them sign pledges that their children would obey school rules; the parents refused. Though local church officials were firmly on their side, Jozef Cardinal Glemp, Poland's Primate, offered only tepid comfort. Stopping over in Rome after a three-week trip to Argentina and Brazil last week, Glemp said, "Since the end of the war, we have always had problems with the crucifixes. All of that is normal."

Not many of the students around Garwolin would agree. At 1300's end a few hundred of them made a 170-mile pilgrimage to Czestochowa, home of the revered Black Madonna icon. Before the pilgrims left Garwolin, the Rev. Stanislaw Binko of the Church of the Transfiguration told them, "That which is happening before our eyes speaks to the whole world. Be brave." ■



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## Education

### Taking a Course in Go-Getting

Students hustle as company recruiters return to campus

Kathleen Whittemore, 21, a senior majoring in international relations at U.C.L.A., has launched a campaign that requires preparation, precision and luck: looking for a job. Like many other ambitious college seniors, she has bought a dress-for-success wardrobe, worked as an unpaid intern, and attended seminars on résumé writing and interviewing. She signs up for the maximum three interviews with company recruiters allowed students each week, and then seeks additional appointments by getting to the U.C.L.A. placement office by 5:30 or 6 a.m. to see if any fellow students have canceled. Says she: "I'm finding if I'm not one of the first five in the door, I'm not getting anything." She has interviewed with 23 companies, including Mobil and Procter & Gamble. Her score so far: two rejections and 13 invitations for second interviews.

Whittemore is confident she will find a job. Reason: 1984 promises to be a good year on the employment front, after a two-year decline in campus recruiting marked by the lowest activity since World War II. At U.C.L.A. and most other campuses, corporations are again scouting for talent. Northwestern University's Endicott report on national employment trends for college graduates is predicting a 20% increase in job opportunities for the class of '84. The annual survey has found that 65% of 260 sample companies plan to hire more college graduates this year and that 71% believe that business is going to improve. Hot majors continue to be engineering, accounting, sales and computer science. In the accounting field, 123 companies plan to take on about 4,500 graduates this year, a healthy rise from 111 companies and 3,500 jobs in 1983. Generally, there will be more graduates than job openings. Nonetheless, Stephen Johansson, director of career counseling and placement at Vermont's Middlebury College, notes, "The students seem a little more relaxed. Last year when we opened our doors in the morning we had to do so with a chair in one hand and a whip in the other to beat off the crowd of panicked seniors."

The University of Wisconsin-Madison campus is typical: corporate recruiting is up by 10% to 12% over last year. At some schools, oil companies and banks, which have done little hiring for two years, are back in the game. McDonald's is recruiting managers at the Ivy League's Brown University because of a need for "people who have high mental and physical energy levels." Even the Central Intelligence Agency has returned to campus, with 120 interested seniors showing up for a presentation at Stanford despite the impediment of 20 police protesters.

Companies, in general, seem pleased with what they are finding. Says Hewlett-Packard Recruiter John Arserio: "The caliber of students is up. More and more you're finding students with real work experience." Jan Blakslee, director of management and planning at American Hospital Supply Corp., declares, "We're looking for people who can think, who have the courage of their convictions, who can make decisions and demonstrate the kind of leadership qualities we value."



A University of Wisconsin counselor gives a student pointers on a videotaped interview. Wanted: future managers who can think, make decisions and sell themselves.

Students with specialized and technical skills continue to have an edge. A top M.B.A. student from the business school of the University of Texas at Austin will get five to six job offers with starting salaries of \$27,000 to \$29,000, according to a college official.

Many companies, though, are looking to the broader backgrounds of liberal arts graduates. Says New England Telephone Recruiter Bob Smith, who has 125 to 150 jobs to fill: "We need managers who can deal with diverse situations, and liberal arts students are perfect for that because they've had a diverse education." Neiman-Marcus, the famous department-store chain, has a history of hiring people with esoteric majors such as linguistics and rhetoric. Says Craig Innes, a vice president: "We're looking for breadth of knowledge."

Although students are more optimistic, they are hardly complacent. At Emory University, which this year has seen a 44% increase in the number of recruiters, some students camp out in sleeping bags on Sun-

day nights to be first to sign up for the interviews posted at the career center every Monday morning. Grouses Senior Patricia Smith: "Companies sometimes wind up talking not to the most qualified candidates but to the earliest risers." Indeed, many college placement offices have begun to look like a cross between command headquarters and central casting, with their data banks on FORTUNE 500 companies and sophisticated videotaping facilities for mock interviews.

The serious job hunter has turned into a grim professional. Stephanie Moffett, a senior majoring in English and American literature at Harvard, has been hunting for a job in advertising or public relations. She works at three jobs to help pay her way

through school, sends out twelve job-query letters a week, and has made so many phone calls that she has switched to Sprint, a system that offers long-distance calls at lower cost. So far she has had no offers. Says she: "Sometimes I'm enthusiastic and sometimes I'm worried. The long term doesn't bother me; the short term does."

There is a heightened sense of pursuit on both sides of the table. Some of the large accounting firms, for instance, have begun to interview promising juniors. Students are eager to please. Chuck Superiva, a senior accounting major at U.T. Austin, says he bought a new suit and got what he calls "an accountant's haircut." After 22 interviews, he received six job offers and accepted a \$24,000 position at Coopers & Lybrand, an international accounting firm. Says he: "Recruiters were calling me at all hours of the day and night. I couldn't sleep and my studies were going downhill. I'm relieved the recruiting game is over." —By Ellie McGrath.

Reported by Leslie Cauley/Atlanta and Lisa Towle/Boston, with other bureaus

## Economy & Business

# Striking the Richest Deal

*Gulf and Standard Oil of California agree to a monumental merger*

**F**or a time last week Pittsburgh looked like the gambling capital of the world. A trio of high rollers, each backed by \$6 billion or more, flew into the city. Under the rules of the game they were playing, each had to assemble his best hand by 9 o'clock Monday morning, then make one bet without seeing the chips of the others. The jackpot: Gulf Oil, the fifth-largest U.S. petroleum company and one of the ten biggest corporations. After seven hours the winner was announced: Standard Oil of California, best known for its Chevron gas stations, whose cash bid of \$80 a share, or \$13.2 billion, became the most ever paid for one American corporation by another. Said Social Chairman George Keller, 60, after it was over: "It's more than I would have liked to have spent, but I was in a poker game and couldn't see the other players."

In this direct and dramatic way was concluded the biggest corporate takeover in U.S. history. Its elements of cold calculation, high risk and individual daring made the move seem entirely characteristic of the oil industry, which has always rewarded the nervy gambler. Social now stands to become the third-largest American oil company; its combined revenues

of \$57.3 billion would place it behind only Exxon (1983 revenues: \$94.6 billion) and Mobil (1983 revenues: \$58.5 billion). A completed deal would also make Social the largest U.S. gasoline retailer, with 10.2% of the market and stations in every state but Wisconsin and North Dakota. Most important, Social will have gained control of Gulf's 1.9 billion bbl. of worldwide proven oil reserves, including a vital 723 million in the U.S.

Not unexpectedly, the proposed joining of the two giants set off a gusher of criticism from consumer groups and politicians. In Congress, critics threatened legislation either to block the deal or at least to prevent any further oil mergers. Thundered Ohio Congressman John Seiberling, a Democrat: "It is time to send a message to the oil industry—unrestrained mergers between huge companies suppress competition, endanger our energy independence and threaten productive drive in this country."

Social immediately said that it would sell many of Gulf's refineries and service stations after it acquired them to keep antitrust considerations from stopping the merger. Still, nervous investors were worried that the deal might fall apart or be

stopped by the Government; Gulf shares dropped instead of rising toward the \$80 takeover price. The stock closed the week at \$65.13.

The threat of Government antitrust action did end one proposed merger last week. U.S. Steel called off plans to link its steel operations with those of National Steel because of probable opposition from the Justice Department.

If the Gulf-Social merger goes through, it will be the climax of a run of takeovers that has been reshaping the oil industry. In the past 32 months five large oil firms (Gulf, Getty Oil, Conoco, Marathon Oil and Cities Service) have been swallowed up. Last week's news set off renewed speculation about which energy companies would be acquired next. Among the most frequently mentioned targets: Superior Oil, Kerr-McGee and Amerada Hess.

For one oil giant, the immediate danger of a hostile takeover ended last week. Texaco announced that it would buy back the 25.6 million shares of its stock (9.8%) that had been acquired by Fort Worth's billionaire brothers Sid, Edward, Robert and Lee Bass. But Texaco, which only last



### NETTING THE BIG ONES Top five mergers

Buyer/Seller	Price in billions (date announced)	Combined annual sales at merger in billions
<b>1</b> Social/Gulf Oil	<b>\$13.2</b> (March 5, '84)	<b>\$57.3</b>
<b>2</b> Texaco/Getty Oil	<b>10.1</b> (Jan. 6, '84)	<b>53.1</b>
<b>3</b> Du Pont/Conoco	<b>8.0</b> (July 6, '81)	<b>31.7</b>
<b>4</b> U.S. Steel/Marathon Oil	<b>6.6</b> (Nov. 19, '81)	<b>23.7</b>
<b>5</b> Santa Fe Industries/ Southern Pacific	<b>5.1</b> (Sept. 27, '83)	<b>6.0</b>

Source: W. T. Grimm & Co.

TIME Chart by Randy Klein





One of the prizes in America's largest corporate takeover: the sprawling Port Arthur, Texas, refinery of the Pittsburgh-based producer

month acquired Getty Oil in a \$10.1 billion deal, paid a big premium to remove the threat. It will give the Bass family \$50 a share for stock that cost them between \$38 and \$40 a share. Their profit in the transaction: upwards of \$260 million.

Gulf's end as an independent oil producer brought a sense of resignation to its executives and employees. The company had been under siege for six months by Texas Oilman T. Boone Pickens Jr., 55. Pickens and his backers had acquired 13.2% of Gulf stock and were ready to grab an additional 8.1%. The company feared that Pickens would then mount a takeover effort that would lead to Gulf's breakup. Said Pickens last week after Socal's triumph: "I'm happy because our original plan was to maximize the values for all Gulf stockholders, and that's definitely been accomplished." Pickens also made out well for himself (see box).

As the weakest of Big Oil's Seven Sisters, Gulf was vulnerable to a raider like Pickens. It began life in spectacular fashion with the 1901 tapping of the famed Spindletop field in Texas, and long had the backing of Pittsburgh's superrich Mellon banking family. But Gulf's wells in Kuwait, one of the keys to its success, had ceased to pump big profits, and its domestic reserves shrank without being replaced. The company's image and morale were badly hurt when Chairman Bob Dorsey resigned in 1976 after revelations that Gulf had made \$12 million in questionable contributions to figures like former Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott and officials of the South Korean government.

**U**nder Chairman James Lee, 62, a Mississippi-born chemical engineer, Gulf's prospects had been brightening. Yet the company timidly backed out of a planned merger with Cities Service two years ago, allowing the refiner to be acquired by Occidental Petroleum. Meanwhile Gulf's earnings were slipping, and by last year its stock was selling for less than \$30 a share.

To avoid falling into Pickens' hands,

Gulf put itself up for sale. When its board members gathered round a long table in the wood-paneled room on the 31st floor of Gulf's Pittsburgh headquarters last week, they had three bids to consider: Socal's, one from Atlantic Richfield (Arco), the seventh-largest U.S. oil firm, and an offer from Kohlberg, Kravis, Roberts & Co., a concern that specializes in so-called leveraged buy-outs, which are financed by loans secured by the assets of the acquired firm.

Though Arco had amassed a \$12 billion line of credit through 61 U.S. and foreign banks led by Chase Manhattan, it bid low, reportedly only \$72 a share, or about \$11.8 billion. Kohlberg, Kravis, Roberts offered more money, \$87.50 a share, and the promise of less antitrust pressure because it is not in the oil business. But it had only \$6 billion in credit, from a consortium headed by Bankers Trust Co. The company said it would need several months to borrow the rest.

Sensing that Gulf's problems with Pickens presented an opportunity, Socal had been preparing for a possible Gulf bid for two months. Often criticized for a lack of interest in mergers, Socal had earlier considered buying Getty Oil but failed to move quickly enough to parry Texaco's successful offer. When Gulf opened up its books two weeks ago, Socal flew four analysts from its San Francisco headquarters to Pittsburgh and eleven geologists and accountants to Houston to look at boxes of Gulf maps, reports and documents. It also lined up \$18 billion in bank credit, with the help of Bank of America President Samuel Armacost, a member of the Socal board.

On the day of the sale, the Socal team, accompanied by a retinue of lawyers, tax experts and investment bankers, was se-

questered in a three-room suite at one end of the Gulf Building's 36th floor. At noon Keller was called before Gulf directors. All morning he had been thinking about an offer of \$79 a share. But minutes before being summoned he decided to up that to \$80. His presentation lasted exactly 23 minutes. Then Keller returned to the 36th floor, where he and the others were fed chicken-salad sandwiches and coffee. Finally, the phone rang at 4:03 p.m., with Gulf's Lee on the other end. He told Keller, "George, you're the winner." The Socal chairman then turned to his colleagues. "It looks like we've bought an oil company," he said.

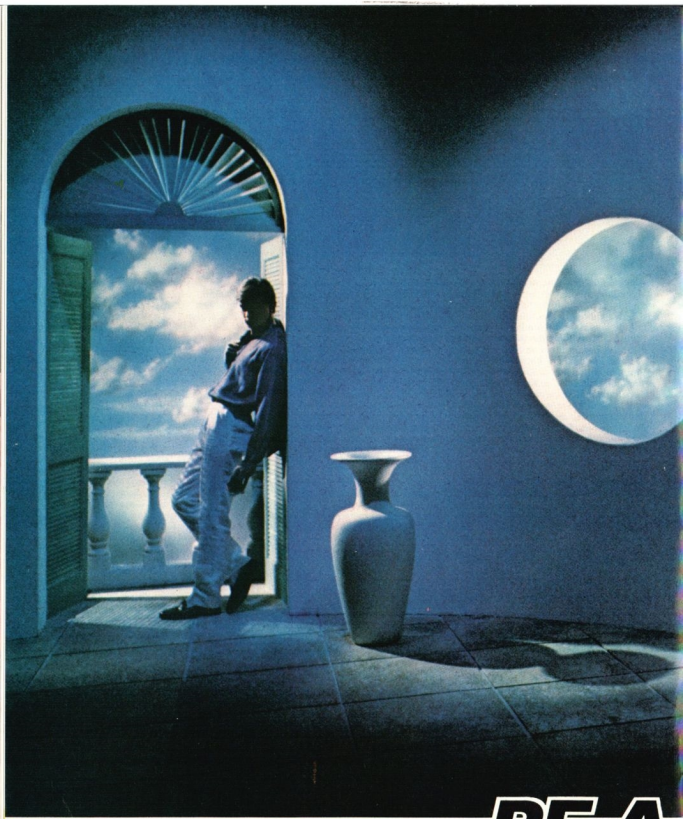


The buyer: Keller after his win

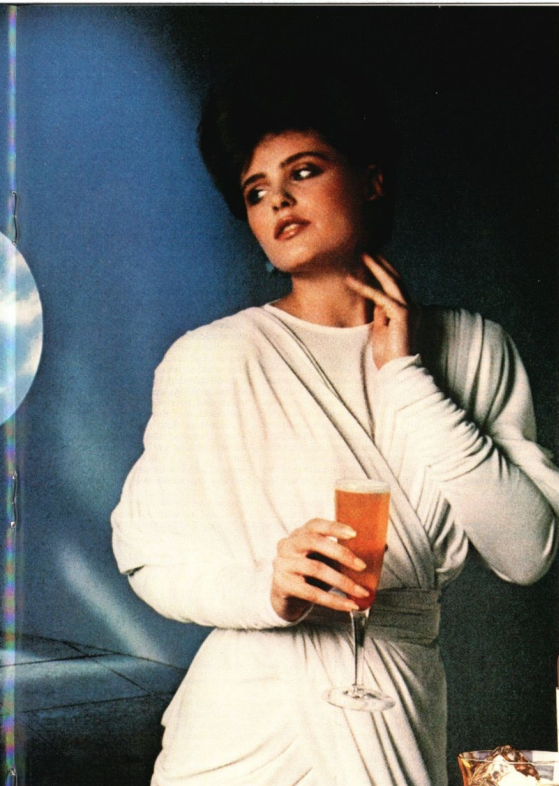
PHOTO BY GUY W. LORENZ

For Socal, the Gulf deal brings a new public prominence to a firm long known for its conservatism. One of the 34 companies created when the Supreme Court broke up Standard Oil in 1911, Socal, its executives occasionally joked, prided itself on "never being first" in many endeavors. It was not until recently that women were allowed to work, even as secretaries, in the executive suite. This staid image has continued to moderate under Keller, a Kansas City-born engineer who has spent his entire professional life with the company. Yet as recently as 1981 Keller insisted that Socal would never bid for oil firms because the money would be better spent uncovering new reserves.

No more. As petroleum engineers are fond of saying, "All the easy oil has been found." Oilmen resist comparing the cost of buying reserves with finding them, saying that it depends on variable drilling expenses, tax consequences and other factors. But in acquiring Gulf's oil reserves to go with its own 1.6 billion bbl. Socal is buying crude for \$4 to \$6 per bbl., compared with exploration costs of around \$12 per bbl. Says Energy Analyst David



**BEA**



86.8 PROOF BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY IMPORTED IN BOTTLE BY Hiram Walker Importers Inc., Detroit, MI. © 1984



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## Economy & Business

Ullom of the Bateman Eichler, Hill Richards brokerage in Los Angeles. "It was economics pure and simple. It was a chance to buy oil cheaper than going out and finding it."

U.S. oil companies are faced with a choice of acquiring new reserves one way or another, or of pumping themselves out of business. Domestic reserves dropped from 33.5 billion bbl. at the end of 1976 to 27.9 billion bbl. at the end of 1982. With oil prices stable and consumption shrinking (down from 18.8 million bbl. per day in 1978 to 15.1 million bbl. per day in 1983), oil firms do not have nearly as much money to pay for exploration.

But having bought Gulf's oil, will Socal do less exploring on its own? Since it is spending \$13.2 billion on Gulf, critics argue, it is not going to have much left over for drilling. Ed Rothschild, assistant director of the Citizen/Labor Energy Coalition, maintains that the reduced competition resulting from the merger will encourage Socal to explore less and charge more for its oil. Says he: "The losers in this deal are the U.S. economy, competition in the domestic oil and gas industry and the consumer."

Not so, say economists and industry experts. They contend that there is no reason why the combination of Gulf and Socal should not continue to do nearly as much exploration as the two were doing sep-



The seller: Lee

ately. In addition, they note that if the stock value of oil companies continues to go up, the resulting higher value for reserves will encourage more drilling. Even the effect on crude prices will be slight. Economist Alan Greenspan of the Townsend-Greenspan consulting firm observes, "These mergers are, in the world scheme, not terribly relevant. Even if they were, it is a competitive market, and no matter what these oil companies might like to do, they can't affect the price of crude."

Experts also downplay any major consequences of oil mergers on America's dependence on the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. Says Walter Levy, a leading oil consultant: "OPEC in general benefits from larger markets for its oil. To the extent that Socal-Gulf and other mergers tend to erode the impetus for domestic exploration, OPEC will benefit—but only marginally so."

The merger of Socal and Gulf is not expected to receive any strong Government opposition on antitrust grounds. Said Energy Secretary Donald Hodel last week: "Politically, it's a tough issue because it is a natural reaction to say, 'My gosh, these giants are merging and there must be something bad about that.' But I don't see that it has any significant effect from an energy standpoint."

Despite the prominence and publicity given to Big Oil, the U.S. petroleum indus-

try as a whole remains remarkably diverse. The four largest refiners (Socal, Exxon, Shell and Standard Oil of Indiana) control only about 29% of the market. By comparison, the four top companies in the typical manufacturing industry control an average of 40%. Says a top Federal Trade Commission official: "We could conceivably stop the merger, but it would take the clearest sort of signal from Congress before it would happen."

So far, the congressional signals are mixed. The Senate voted down two antimerger bills in February, but support for new measures may be growing. Opponents of an antimerger bill think such a step could become a popular election-year issue. Says Oklahoma Senator Donald Nickles: "An antimerger bill could happen easily, and sentiment is much higher now after the Gulf deal."

Few events could spur legislation more quickly than another big oil takeover. Flush with their recent successes, Pickens and the Bass brothers might go after other companies. Arco, having been spurned in its bid for Gulf, may also start shopping. To be sure, there is not likely to be another combine of the size of the Gulf-Socal deal. But as long as the price of oil shares remains cheap compared with exploration costs, merger fever in the oil industry will be far from burned out.

—By Alexander L. Taylor III

Reported by Richard Woodbury/San Francisco and Adam Zagorin/New York

## Many Winners, Few Losers

No sooner had Standard Oil of California agreed to buy Gulf Oil than Wall Streeters began speculating on who would win, and who would lose, in the \$13.2 billion deal. At the top of everyone's winners list was Corporate Raider T. Boone Pickens Jr. and his partners. Together with Pickens' Texas-based Mesa Petroleum, they acquired 13.2% of Gulf stock at an average price of \$45 a share, and now stand to reap \$760 million from Socal's takeover for \$80 a share. Mesa alone will rake in \$506 million.

Gulf's top executives can also benefit mightily. Chairman James E. Lee, who steered his company to Socal in order to evade Pickens, could pick up some \$10 million by exercising options to buy Gulf shares. A clutch of other officers can look forward to the same type of windfall. They include: President Edward Walker, \$8.8 million; Executive Vice President Harold Hammer, \$6.4 million; Executive Vice President Melvin Hill, \$4.6 million; and J.L. Huitt, president of Gulf Oil Exploration and Production Co., \$2.9 million.

Nor will Gulf's 300,000 shareholders fare badly. They hold 165 million shares that since last summer have jumped in value from \$40 to \$80 a share, for a total gain of more than \$6 billion. Says Donald Drapkin, a merger specialist with Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom, a leading New York City law firm: "Pickens created real value for Gulf shareholders in a stock that was stagnant before he arrived on the scene."

The money men who broked on the merger have been major winners too. Salomon Bros. and Merrill Lynch, Gulf's



Corporate Raider Pickens: a spectacularly rewarded gambit

advisers, will split \$46 million in fees. Morgan Stanley, Socal's investment banker, has received \$1 million so far, and will be paid \$15.5 million more when more than half the Gulf shares are acquired. And Bank of America, which arranged a \$14 billion credit line to finance the buy-out, will collect \$500,000 for that service.

Of course, the deal is creating losers as well. Atlantic Richfield, for example, outbid by Socal for Gulf's stock, will have to pay several million dollars in fees to the 61 banks that raised \$12 billion to support the Arco offer. Setbacks have also befallen investors, many of whom began selling their Gulf shares last week as the market turned against them, fearing that the merger would be blocked. Said one speculator: "We got hurt two days in a row on this. What's the sense of being right if you're losing money?"



## Test Case

*A defense contractor is fined*

"As an airplane or missile becomes more complicated," warned James Fallows in his 1981 book *National Defense*, "the probability that all its parts will be working at the same time goes down." Indeed, the reliability and fire-power of modern U.S. military hardware depend heavily on increasingly complex electronic circuits. This worrisome vulnerability prompted Pentagon officials more than two years ago to launch an extensive probe of microchip suppliers in order to spot any lax manufacturing practices. Last week the inquiry produced an indictment against a major electronics company.

A federal court in San Francisco levied stiff penalties against National Semiconductor of Santa Clara, Calif. (1983 sales: \$1.2 billion). The firm pleaded guilty to 40 charges of defrauding the Government by failing to test electronic products properly, and agreed to pay nearly \$1.8 million in civil and criminal fines. The Defense Department is investigating 14 other military suppliers, including Fairchild Camera & Instrument, a Silicon Valley firm.

The case against National Semiconductor began when the Defense Department received a 1981 tip that the company was cutting corners in testing certain microchips. The accusation seemed ominous, since the military uses the circuits in equipment ranging from walkie-talkies to battleships. Among tests for durability, the Government specifies that the chips must be heated to 257 F for at least 160 hours. But the resulting inquiry found that between 1978 and 1981, National Semiconductor devoted only about one-fourth that much time to the testing of as many as 26 million chips.

At the Government's urging, the company later rechecked a sampling and found the chips to be reliable. But that failed to soothe prosecutors. Says U.S. Attorney Joseph Russoniello: "The testing is as important as the quality of the product itself. The Government cannot suffer the inconvenience and expense of having to shake down its equipment in order to verify the reliability of components."

Moreover, since many chips go into materiel that is used only once, like missiles and bomb fuses, their dependability remains uncertain until they are tested in action. But the Pentagon insists that the National Semiconductor chips pose no threat to U.S. security.

National Semiconductor executives greeted the court action with relief. Rumors of sweeping criminal indictments against company officials had been circulating for months, but the Government said last week it had found no evidence that management had authorized the faulty procedures. Said Daniel Klesken, an analyst with San Francisco's Montgomery Securities, of the resolution of the



Teaching quality at National Semiconductor

case: "It removes a big black cloud hanging over National. For investors the uncertainty is much reduced."

The Government's crackdown seems to be getting results. National, at least, has reformed its testing procedures. Though it was temporarily suspended as a military supplier in 1982, the firm this year expects to sell the Pentagon \$75 million worth of weapons parts, or about 8% of total sales. Said National President Charles Sporcik: "We now follow every dot and every dash of every military specification." The Pentagon hopes its prosecution of National will persuade other contractors to be no less careful. ■

## Nuclear Fallout

*Lilco struggles to survive*

Few utilities have suffered more than the Long Island Lighting Co. from the problems plaguing the U.S. nuclear power industry. For nearly 20 years, Lilco has been trying to bring its Shoreham, N.Y., nuclear plant on line. That facility is now hopelessly behind schedule, and the cost of the project, originally budgeted at \$261 million, is approaching \$4.1 billion, or more than 15 times the initial estimates.

Last week the struggling firm outlined a survival program that includes layoffs of nearly 1,000 employees, or 20% of its work force, together with pay cuts of up to 25% for those who remain. Lilco Chairman William Catacosinos, 53, who took charge at the end of January after the abrupt resignation of former Chairman Charles Pierce, 61, also said the company will pay no common-stock dividends in 1984. Catacosinos called the actions necessary to save the utility from slipping into

bankruptcy by the end of the year. Said he: "What we're trying to do is save this company. The truth is that we are in trouble and it's serious."

Shoreham has been dogged by mismanagement, construction foul-ups and community opposition, among other obstacles. Last year, as the utility was battling for approval of evacuation plans to be used in the event of a major radiation leak, the plant's diesel generators were found to be defective. Back-up generators are now being installed at a cost of \$100 million, while the malfunctioning ones are being repaired and tested.

Like many troubled nuclear power facilities around the country, Shoreham's fate is controlled at least as much by public authorities as it is by Lilco's beleaguered management. The federal Nuclear Regulatory Commission has yet to license the plant for operation. Locally, officials of Long Island's Suffolk County are convinced that a serious accident at the plant would cause nuclear fallout to envelop nearby residents before they could flee. Said Deputy Suffolk County Executive Frank Jones: "Shoreham should not and cannot go on line. It should be abandoned." Some county officials now argue that Shoreham should be converted to a coal-burning plant.

Meanwhile, Lilco cannot charge its customers for much of its mushrooming costs, currently estimated at \$400 million a month in interest and other overhead, until Shoreham begins to provide electricity. Says Paine Webber's corporate vice president Peter Jadrosich: "If they don't bring Shoreham into service, they're going to bleed to death."

The utility's seemingly intractable problems have already dragged the price of its stock from a high of \$19.75 a share in 1978 to \$7 at the close of last week. Investors are likely to be wary of the shares for some time, since Catacosinos says that Lilco will not resume paying dividends until the company is in considerably better financial shape.

Nevertheless, many experts see improving long-term prospects for Lilco, if not for Shoreham. The austerity measures that Catacosinos announced last week will save the company \$374 million this



year without reducing essential customer services. The firm must still find \$70 million to \$100 million in additional savings before the end of the year, or it will have to raise new funds. New York State officials are not prepared to allow the utility to go bankrupt, but a consensus has yet to develop on how to provide aid. One possibility: a tax-free state loan to help Lilco manage its debt until Shoreham's problems are resolved. ■

## Economy & Business



Investments in outdoor signs, like these in Baltimore, are used by some wealthy Americans to reduce what they owe to the IRS

### Of Windmills, Cattle and Form 1040

Booming tax shelters give rise to demands for reform

To millions of American taxpayers, the only big tax shelters are the ones they live in: they can deduct the interest they pay on their mortgages from their income. But to those who can afford the high price of getting in, tax shelters can be anything from Holstein cattle to windmills and even roadside billboards.

Such deductible investments have become a headache for the Internal Revenue Service. In all, they represent investments of an estimated \$50 billion and can cost the Government billions of dollars annually in uncollected revenue. They help swell the federal deficit, enrich tax lawyers and arouse the ire and envy of less-well-to-do taxpayers. Asked what his four biggest problems are, Roscoe L. Egger Jr., commissioner of the Internal Revenue Service, is fond of saying, "Tax shelters, tax shelters, tax shelters and tax shelters."

Not all tax shelters are unproductive. Some in energy exploration encourage drilling. Others in real estate provide incentives to rehabilitate old buildings in downtown areas. Reason: the 1981 tax law, in addition to cutting everyone's taxes, allows landlords to write off the cost of their buildings over 15 years, instead of the 40 to 50 that had been usual. That permits them to recoup their investment faster.

But the same so-called accelerated cost-recovery feature of the 1981 law has helped to spark an explosion in new and untested tax-shelter schemes. They range from the blatantly illegal to the legal but outrageous, and they are peddled like cars. About 260 shelter promoters displayed their wares last year in, appropriately enough, Las Vegas.

The shelters have one thing in common: for a relatively small investment, often much of it borrowed, a large tax deduction is generated. Under the 1981 law, most of the write-off can usually be taken in the first year. An investor, for example, might put up \$20,000, or 20% of a \$100,000 real estate deal and borrow the rest. The law then allows claims for de-

preciation, tax credits and everything else associated with a \$100,000 investment. Also deductible is the interest on the borrowed money. In the end, a \$20,000 stake could result in write-offs of possibly \$90,000. For a person in the 50% bracket, that means a tax saving of \$45,000.

Such shelters are widespread and legitimate. Many others apply similar principles and are also legal, but they serve ends that in the eyes of critics seem at odds with the spirit of public policy. Among them:

**BILLBOARDS.** In 1982 Bear, Stearns, a New York brokerage firm, acted as agent for the sale of 45,000 billboards to 534 wealthy investors for \$485 million, nearly all of it borrowed. The investors promptly leased them back to the original owner, Broadcaster Metromedia. They are now in the process of rapidly writing off the costs of the billboards. At the end of five years, the plan is to resell them to Metromedia for \$645 million, a 33% profit. The outcome: for individual cash investments of \$150,000, each investor stands to gain a return in tax savings of \$169,550, plus \$355,000 in cash. And Metromedia can start writing off the billboards all over again as newly acquired assets.

**HOLSTEINS.** Dairy cattle graze on some of America's lushest farm land. Investors buy cattle from places like Stookey Holsteins, Inc., in Leesburg, Ind., which advertises in publications like *Wealthbuilding*. Then gains start flowing. First, the investment, over a five-year depreciation period, counts as an "off the top" deduction in the same way as savings in an Individual Retirement Account. It thus lowers the investor's taxable earnings. Next, 10% of what the investor pays for the livestock comes directly off his taxes. Also, through

embryo transplants, each cow becomes a factory for calves, which can be sold profitably at auction.

Such methods can enable an initial \$50,000 investment in cattle raising to yield eventually up to \$75,000 in tax benefits, plus whatever money is made on the Holsteins. The irony is that the benefits encourage dairy breeding at a time when the Government is spending \$2.5 billion annually on milk-price supports.

**WINDMILLS.** California's coastal mountain passes contain 65 sprawling, power-producing windmill "farms," most of which are the result of the past decade's search for alternatives to oil. They are heavily financed by private investors, who

get generous tax benefits from the state and federal governments—no matter that the price of oil has fallen or that power from windmills is vastly more expensive than that from other types of energy plants. Moreover, while most of the wind devices do produce electricity, all of them generate tax benefits of some sort even when they do not produce power. Says California Congressman Pete Stark, who is leading a House effort to dismantle some of what he considers to be the more abusive shelters: "They're not wind farms. They're tax farms."

Other questionable shelters abound. Precious jewels can be donated to charity and then two or three times their presumed value deducted from the donor's income. Luxury cars can be bought ostensibly for business purposes and provide large tax savings. BMW once advertised itself as "the car that shelters you from boredom as well as taxes."

The Reagan Administration wants to close some tax-law loopholes to recoup \$12 billion over the next three years. But since all deductions have strong and vocal constituents, that plan could prove as difficult to achieve as any other revenue-raising scheme.

—By John S. DeMott.  
Reported by Jay Branagan/Washington



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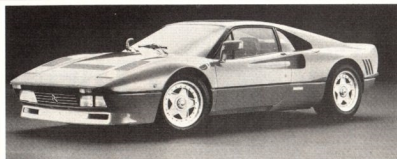
## Economy & Business

### Flashy Wheels

*An Italian look for Cadillac*

In an effort to broaden its market and appeal to younger buyers, Cadillac launched the subcompact Cimarron in 1981. More like a Chevrolet than a Cadillac, the \$13,000 vehicle has failed to excite luxury-car buyers. Now General Motors is turning to a leading Italian car stylist in hopes of developing a sporty new Cadillac that may fit in better with the division's sumptuous line-up of Fleetwoods, Coupe DeVilles and Eldorados (sticker prices: up to \$35,000). Cadillac has asked Sergio Pininfarina, 57, to design a two-seat convertible, named the Callisto after one of Jupiter's moons. The car will debut in 1986.

Pininfarina's styling has not been seen in an American auto since he designed the Ambassador and Healey models for the Nash Motor Co. in the early 1950s. His work is far more widely known to car buyers in Europe, where his firm regularly creates models for Fiat, Alfa Romeo and Peugeot. The Rolls-Royce Camargue (list price: \$150,600) was de-



A Sergio Pininfarina original: the 1984 Ferrari GTO carries a \$121,000 price tag

signed by Pininfarina, who has also styled every Ferrari built since 1952. His 1946 Cisitalia coupe is the only car on permanent display in New York City's Museum of Modern Art. It was chosen by the museum in 1951 as "the best expression of beauty and trimness of design in the automobile field."

The five-year Cadillac contract calls for Pininfarina to design and assemble 8,000 Callisto bodies a year at his factory outside Turin. The \$600 million agreement, which will more than double the Pininfarina firm's annual sales (1983:

\$80.3 million), will create some unusual logistical problems. After completion, the bodies will be shipped 4,500 miles to Detroit, where they will be married to the chassis. Sea voyages were deemed too dangerous for the handcrafted metalwork and delicate lacquer finish, so the bodies will be flown to the U.S. by jumbo jet. Pininfarina will send a paneload every other day once production gets under way, but the added cost of the journey will hardly be noticed by the new car's prospective buyers. The Callisto's price is expected to be \$50,000. ■

## Dividends

### New Woes for Coleco

The planned invasion was as bold as any in a Coleco Industries video game. The strategy called for Coleco to blast its way into the home-computer market with Adam, a complete system that sold for just \$600. But the Adam onslaught never really got rolling. During 1983 production problems forced Coleco to manufacture less than 20% of the 500,000 computers it had planned. Last week the firm revealed that Adam is causing a hemorrhage of cash. Coleco reported a \$35 million loss for the fourth quarter of 1983, against a profit of \$15.4 million during the same period a year earlier.

Executives of the West Hartford, Conn., company had expected the Adam to be a hot seller, but quality defects have chilled sales and caused customers to return up to 30% of the computers. And while Coleco's Cabbage Patch Kids remain a huge hit, some analysts now believe that the firm will have to discontinue Adam in order to stem its losses.

### Cutting Up a Coin

The U.S. Mint has struck some handsome coins over the years, the buffalo nickel and the Kennedy half-dollar among them. But the Government's 1984 silver dollar, designed to commemorate

the Summer Olympics, is drawing a chorus of catcalls. One side of the dollar, portraying a bald eagle, is pleasing. But the opposite, or "heads" side, contains no heads at all. It features the bare torsos of a male and a female athlete, apparently standing atop the Los Angeles Coliseum, the principal site of the Games. Sniffed Coin Columnist Ed Reiter: "It is quite possibly one of the ugliest coins in U.S. history."

The design could hurt sales of the noncirculating, 90%-silver coin. The Government plans to mint almost 5 million; it will offer them to collectors at about \$30 apiece and will donate \$10 of each sale to the U.S. Olympic program. The Mint is also commemorating the Olympics with its first gold piece since 1933, a \$10 one of separate design that will sell for \$352, with \$50 going to the Games.



So far, the precious-metal coins have been slow movers. Officials at the Mint blame that mainly on weak marketing, and will try to boost sales next month by offering the coins through banks and thrift institutions.

### Plastic Goes Platinum

First came the green card. Introduced by American Express in 1958, the sliver of plastic quickly became a status symbol. Later the Gold Card, brought out in 1966, took over as the first-class way to pay. Now American Express is about to play its most exclusive card: platinum. Said a company spokesman: "This will raise the prestige level to new heights."

Compared with an annual fee of \$35 for the green version and \$50 for the gold, the new platinum card will cost a plush \$250 when it is offered this summer to some 500,000 of Amex's best customers. To qualify, users must have run up charges of at least \$10,000 during the past year, and must have a record of prompt payment. Those eligible for a platinum card will receive services unavailable to other American Express customers. They will be able to tap 1,200 automatic tellers around the U.S. for cash advances of up to \$1,000, for example, and to cash checks for as much as \$10,000 at American Express offices worldwide.

## Show Business

COVER STORIES

# Why He's a Thriller

Michael Jackson's songs, steps and sexy aura set a flashy beat for the decade



Snap question, no time to think: Which one is Michael Jackson?

The svelte young man with black curls and two-lane grin who steps out of a Mercedes into the glitz and glare of Los Angeles' Melrose Avenue, wearing a bright red leather jacket with chain-mail yoke and 27 zippers, as, trailed by mother and manager, he goes shopping for clothes?

Or the young man in the tie and sweater holding a copy of the *Watchtower*, who stands at the door of an apartment in suburban Thousand Oaks, 40 miles and several dozen life-styles northwest of Melrose, fixing the uninterested girl who answered the door with his deep eyes, saying, "Today I'm here to talk about God's word"?

The girl shut the door on Michael Jackson. The Melrose Avenue counterfeit is Eric Evans, 17, who is fleshing out a fantasy and slapping down \$550 for a red leather jacket that duplicates the one Jackson wore in *Thriller*. The jacket that Eric is already wearing is exactly like Jackson's in *Beat It*. It is a fairly innocent dream, really. Eric only wants to look like the biggest star in the world.

Star of records, radio, rock video. A one-man rescue team for the music business. A songwriter who sets the beat for a decade. A dancer with the fanciest feet on the street. A singer who cuts across all boundaries of taste and style, and color too. Michael Jackson, 25 years old.

The numbers, which are incredible, are also becoming indelible. How many Beatles were there? How many homers did Babe Ruth hit? How many Grammy Awards did Michael Jackson win on Feb. 28? How many copies of *Thriller* have been sold? Well, the Grammys are easy. Jackson won an unprecedented eight. The album question is tricky, simply because the record keeps selling, long past the point anyone expected it to. Epic Records sells more than a million copies a week worldwide; to date it has sold more than 30 million copies. The figures pyramid into a crazy crystal that throws off light from any angle. There are nine songs on the album; seven have been released as singles; all have hit the Top Ten, and two of them have reached No. 1. "I don't think the album's sales are finished," says Walter Yetnikoff, president of Epic's parent company, CBS Records Group, with just a light dusting of facetiousness.

"There are some 200 million people in this country, and we've sold only 18 million copies here so far. There are a few more to go."

No sulking in competitive corporate quarters, however. Says David Lieberman, whose Lieberman Enterprises stocks more than 2,000 record outlets: "The best thing for a record company is to have a hit. The second best thing for a record company is for somebody else to have a hit." Comments Gil Friesen, president



The album won't quit: 30 million and rising

of A & M: "The whole industry has a stake in this success." The fallout from *Thriller* has given the business its best year since the heady days of 1978, when it had an estimated total domestic revenue of \$4.1 billion.

*Thriller* has been the No. 1 album for 33 weeks. It is the bestselling album, of any kind, of all time. Keep in mind that, as Jackson's attorney John Branca points out, "Michael has the highest royalty rate in the business." That translates into approximately \$2 for each of the more than 18 million albums sold in the U.S. Now you have some idea of what Jackson is using for pocket money these days. This does not, of course, count revenues from compact discs or the sale of some 350,000 copies of a \$29.95 videotape called *Making Michael Jackson's Thriller*. Or continued royalties from the sale of old albums. Or the sales of *Thriller* abroad. Or the impending arrival of novelties like the Michael Jackson doll, due to appear in stores in May at a price of \$12.

Portents of a huge phenomenon are not found exclusively on sales graphs or balance sheets, however. When Jackson's hair was burned in an accident during the

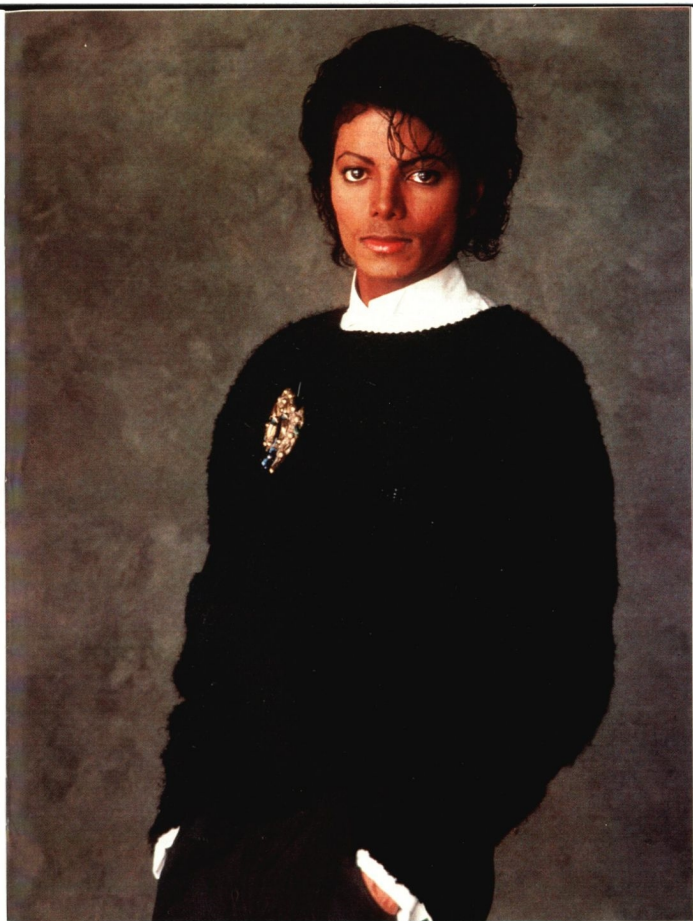
filming of a Pepsi-Cola commercial in late January, the mishap made headline news around the world. Once completed, two Pepsi commercials featuring Jackson and his brothers premiered on MTV. The next day on their national morning news shows, CBS, ABC and NBC all aired one or both spots as hot stories, not paid ads.

Jackson and his five brothers are scheduled to hit the concert trail in June in what is billed as the biggest music tour in history. Pepsi is sponsoring the tour and has already given the Jacksons \$5 million. Co-Promoter Don King has kicked in an additional \$3 million. The Jacksons will receive 85% of the net receipts; King and their parents, Katherine and Joseph Jackson, the remaining 15%. King, a congenially bombastic presence whose recent show-business experience has been limited to booking prizefights, estimates that "if the boys decide to exploit every avenue of merchandising and marketing available to them—T shirts, pay-per-view TV concerts, clothing lines, perfume lines, product identification—the tour could gross \$100 million."

Jackson and his brothers, both as the Jackson 5 and later simply as the Jacksons, made up one of the most appealing and popular rhythm-and-blues acts of the '70s. (There are nine brothers and sisters in the family: Maurice ["Rebbie"], 33; Jackie, 31; Tito, 29; Jermaine, 28; LaToya, 27; Marlon, 26; Michael, 25; Randy, 21; and Janet, 17.) But with the release of *Off the Wall*, Jackson's first solo album on Epic in 1979, it became clear that the group's leader was setting a pace that would be tough for anyone to follow. *Off the Wall*, which came out during the record-biz doldrums, sold 8 million copies worldwide and fielded four Top Ten hits. Those are impressive numbers by any standard, except the one that Jackson has just set with *Thriller*. "Michael's doing this tour to help his family," according to King. "I feel this will be the last tour that Michael will do with them." Let he sound too much like the last flower child to bloom, we have Attorney Branca to remind us that "Michael is very informed and aware of what is going on in his life, to an amazing degree. He's his own Rasputin."

For a record industry stuck on the border between the ruins of punk and the chic regions of synthesizer pop, *Thriller* was a thorough restoration of confidence, a rejuvenation. Its effect on listeners, es-





## Show Business

pecially younger ones, was nearer to a revelation. *Thriller* brought black music back to mainstream radio, from which it had been effectively banished after restrictive "special-format programming" was introduced in the mid-'70s. Listeners could put more carbonation in their pop and cut their heavy-metal diet with a dose of the fleetest soul around. "No doubt about it," says Composer-Arranger Quincy Jones, who produced *Off the Wall* and *Thriller* with Jackson. "He's taken us right up there where we belong. Black music had to play second fiddle for a long time, but its spirit is the whole motor of pop. Michael has connected with every soul in the world."

*Thriller* does not have the mean, challenging immediacy or weird fervor of a rap record like *White Lines (Don't Don't Do It)*, and it lacks most of rap's snappy, snazzy street smarts. But it is consummate contemporary rhythm and blues. Jane Fonda, one of Jackson's pals, puts it as neatly and nicely as any music critic: "Michael's got a fresh, original sound. The music is energetic, and it's sensual. You can dance to it, work out to it, make love to it, sing to it. It's hard to sit still to."

Since Fonda's litany tidily summarizes the full range of contemporary American leisure activity, it is no wonder that Jackson is in the air everywhere. The pulse of America and much of the rest of the world moves irregularly, beating in time to the tough strut of *Billie Jean*, the asphalt aria of *Beat It*, the supremely cool chills of *Thriller*. *Thriller* has been on the Japanese charts for 65 consecutive weeks, and local teen idols are copying Michael's moves and even singing some of his songs. *Thriller* is also South Africa's top seller: "Jackson, you might say, bridges the apartheid gap," muses one record executive. The Soviet press has, of course, denounced Jackson, and his fans cannot buy his records in any stores. But bootleg cassettes are swapped and treasured. Says one Soviet high school senior: "His music is electrifying. His beat is the music of today."

"Michael used to say, when he wrote, he'd write for everyone," says his mother Katherine, "even though the music business would list it as rhythm and blues because of him being black." The combined evidence of the bottom line, the hard listen and the long view is difficult to resist: Jackson is the biggest thing since the Beatles. He is the hottest single phenomenon since Elvis Presley. He just may be the most popular black singer ever.

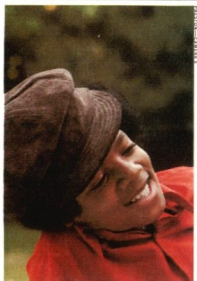
This success is a matter of moment simply because, as Jones says, "it has never happened to a black performer." Before anyone declares a three-day holiday on behalf of brotherhood, it ought to be pointed out that, inevitably, the qualities that make Jackson's music so accessible also divert it from expectations of what popular black music ought to be. Those expectations, however, do not invariably

come from the same source as the music. Rock critics (who are mostly white) liked *Thriller* well enough and wrote respectfully of it when it was released in December 1982, but they were as surprised as record-company executives (who are mostly white) when the album started burning its way into the country's collective musical consciousness. The fine points of what *Thriller* might have been, and was not, seemed petty to the audiences (mostly young) who gave the record its initial push, who hip-hopped to it in clubs and break-danced to it in the streets this past summer. The message is obvious anyway: soul is for sharing, not segregating.

Jackson knows his roots and reveres them. In one of his frequent ascensions to the Grammy rostrum a couple of weeks ago, he leaned down to the microphone, announced, "I have something very important to say . . . really," and proceeded to thank and honor Jackie Wilson. Dead only five weeks before the awards, from the side effects of a heart attack that had paralyzed him for almost a decade, Wilson was one of the greatest of all American soul singers. He sang high and hard, like Jackson, and like him, projected a dazzling sexual aura. Jackson's sexuality is more ethereal—Wilson in performance was like a tomcat—but both singers share a grounding in music that is almost equal parts soul and show biz.

Ray Charles, Little Richard, Chuck Berry and Frankie Lymon were some of his contemporaries, but the singer who really knocked Jackie Wilson out was Al Jolson. Jackson may dance like Baryshnikov straddling a jackhammer, move like a street blood steeped in Astaire and t'ai chi, sing like an angel on a soul-food bender, but a fair portion of his personal taste and his musical inspiration comes from the sort of glitzy places where soul seldom strays. One of his favorite things is *My Favorite Things*, sung by Julie Andrews, raindrops on roses, warm woolen mittens and all. He loves the Beatles, and he also loves Gordon MacRae booming his way through *Oh What a Beautiful Morning*.

Jackson cares so little about conventional standards of hipness that he can rise above embarrassment on such matters of taste. His catholicity directs him straight to the vital center of contemporary pop culture. *Thriller* is an insinuating, invigorating album, but it is not the kind of great album one has come to expect since the tumultuous days of *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*: a record that provokes, challenges, raises questions and laughs at answers. *Thriller* is not *Who's Next* or *The White Album* or *Blonde on Blonde* or *Songs in the Key of Life* or *Born to Run*, records that were argued over and championed like talismans that could change lives. It is like a piece of elegant sportswear: slip right into it, shrug it off. Jackson has written and performed ebulliently with Paul McCartney; he often appears in bright band jackets; he has





Stages in the evolution of a superstar: from top left, the phenomenon at 12; a soulful pinup, age 20, at the time of his first solo smash; the duke of dance in action, 1983; the little prince, in full regalia, 1984

palled around a bit with Sean Ono Lennon and has taken him to a Broadway show. It should be clear from all this that Jackson is smitten not only with the Beatles' legacy but with their mystique. Unlike the Beatles, however, he has a vast audience but a small constituency.

In England now, rock is exploding in small bursts all over the place, but there is no single focus or figurehead for the movement, let alone the kind of triumvirate (Beatles-Stones-Who) that reigned during the mid-'60s. In America there is Michael Jackson, with no clear movement behind him, just an unprecedented momentum that has sent him off on a dazzling solo flight. Stevie Wonder is still flourishing, and Lionel Richie is the most elegant songwriter in the neighborhood. Donna Summer can be spectacular; Prince is incandescent; Rick James cataclysmic; rap groups are the rough conscience of the streets. But commercially and aesthetically, they all revolve in separate orbits that only occasionally intersect. Jackson is a world apart, a phenomenon that exists in much the same way that the star himself lives. In isolation.

Director Steven Spielberg has remarked that "if E.T. hadn't come to Elliott, he would have come to Michael's house." He reflects that Jackson is like a hybrid of outer space's most famous tourist and of Chauncey Gardiner, the video-bedazzled innocent whom Peter Sellers portrayed in *Being There*. "I think Michael can be hurt very easily," Spielberg says. "He's sort of like a fawn in a burning forest." Jones watched Michael break down several times while recording *She's Out of My Life* for *Off the Wall*, and eventually just left the crying on the track. Jackson also teared up repeatedly while recording the children's album *E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial*. During a break in a photo session for the album, Spielberg saw Jackson chatting and swapping gestures with E.T. "It's a nice place Michael comes from," Spielberg observes. "I wish we could all spend some time in his world."

That would require, as a visa, a disbelief willingly and perhaps perpetually suspended, a wariness of outsiders (Jackson has not given a print interview in more than a year), a capacity for gentleness, and a tolerance for fantasy that might tax the average adult imagination. Jackson lives at home in Encino, Calif., with his mother, father and two youngest sisters. He supervised the recent redesigning of the sprawling Tudor house, and the result is a cross between a vest-pocket Disneyland and Citizen Kane's Xanadu in suburbia (see following story). The menagerie, the soda fountain, the screening room are dream toys of childhood and the diversions of Southern California show-business affluence, all awash in the pastels of perennial boyhood. He takes trips to the Disney parks as to a shrine. He has spoken often about doing a movie musical of *Peter Pan*. The parallels are as obvious as they are misleading.

# Smoking in public: Let's separate fact from friction.

There has always been some friction between smokers and non-smokers. But lately this friction has grown more heated.

The controversy has been fueled by questionable reports which claim that "second-hand smoke" is a cause of serious diseases among non-smokers.

*But, in fact, there is little evidence—and certainly nothing which proves scientifically—that cigarette smoke causes disease in non-smokers.*

Skeptics might call this the wishful thinking of a tobacco company. But consider the scientific judgment of some of the leading authorities in the field—including outspoken critics of smoking.

For example, in 1983 the organizer of an international conference on environmental tobacco smoke (ETS) summarized the evidence on lung cancer as follows: "An overall evaluation based upon available scientific data leads to the conclusion that an increased risk for non-smokers from ETS exposure has not been established."

Even the chief statistician of the American Cancer Society, Lawrence Garfinkel, has gone on record as saying, "passive smoking may be a political matter, but it is not a main issue in terms of health policy."

Which brings us back to our original point: cigarette smoke can be very annoying to non-smokers.

But how shall we as a society deal with this problem?

Confrontation? Segregation? Legislation?

No. We think annoyance is neither a governmental problem nor a medical problem. It's a people problem.

Smokers and non-smokers have to talk to one another. Not yell, preach, threaten, badger or bully. Talk.

Smokers can help by being more considerate and responsible. Non-smokers can help by being more tolerant. And both groups can help by showing more respect for each other's rights and feelings.

But eliminating rumor and rhetoric will help most of all.

Because when you stick to the facts, it's a lot easier to deal with the friction.

R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



## Show Business

A good friend is right when he suggests that, ultimately, "Michael's appeal is universal less because of his music than because of who he is." Jackson has been in show business for most of his childhood and all of his adult life—there are those who argue persuasively that he has had no adult life—and, with a few other tricks, he has mastered the techniques of fusing his life with what is thought to be his image. This results in some arresting and deeply intriguing paradoxes: the thin young man, with bones as fragile as the veins in an autumn leaf, suddenly igniting on the downbeat and burning his way through to the hot, angry heart of *Billie Jean*; the boy who has an uncanny sense of what his audience wants and how to go about the hard and profitable business of giving it to them; the gentle, slightly self-mocking teen-ager in *Thriller* ("I've got somethin' I want to tell ya . . . I'm not like other guys") who turns into one of the grisliest werewolves in screen history and enjoys the transformation the way another adolescent might heat up on a first heavy date.

Many observers find in the ascendancy of Michael Jackson the ultimate personification of the androgynous rock star. His high-flying tenor makes him sound like the lead in some funky-up boys choir, even as the sexual dynamism irradiating from the arch of his dancing body challenges Government standards for a nuclear meltdown. His lithe frame, five-fathom eyes, long lashes might be threatening if Jackson gave, even for a second, the impression that he is obtainable. But the audience's sense of his sensuality becomes quite deliberately tangled with the mirror image of his life: the good boy, the God-fearing Jehovah's Witness, the adamant vegetarian, the resolute non-indulger in smoke, strong drink or dope of any kind, the impossibly insulated innocent. Undeniably sexy. Absolutely safe. Eroticism at arm's length.

**M**ichael puts a sliding scale of value on distance. Director Sidney Lumet, with whom Jackson was staying when he starred in *The Wiz*, recalls that his teenage daughters once had some friends over and one asked Michael to sing. "O.K.," Michael said affably. "But cover your eyes." "I think he was embarrassed by the closeness of the situation," Lumet says, "but his desire not to be rude or hurt her led him to say yes."

But there are also different kinds of occasions, when distance distorts. Jackson's enforced isolation is partly show-biz savvy and partly an attempt to preserve intact the fabric of his fantasy life. Inevitably, there are breaches. "You know, everybody thinks you're gay," Vocal Coach Seth Riggs told him one day dur-



For soda's sake: the accident and the celebration bash  
Tearing loose with the fastest feet on the street.

ing a break in a vocal lesson. "I know," Jackson laughed. "The other day a big, tall, blond, nice-looking fellow came up to me and said, 'Gee, Michael, I think you're wonderful. I sure would like to go to bed with you.' I looked at him and said, 'When's the last time you read the Bible? You know you really should read it because there is some real information in there about homosexuality.' The guy says, 'I guess if I'd been a girl, it would have been different.' And I said, 'No, there are some very direct words on that in the Bible too.'"

Misunderstandings like this can be compounded by the gutter press (MICHAEL JACKSON—MORE OF HIS INTIMATE SECRETS; MICHAEL'S AGONIZING TUG OF LOVE) and by the putative inside-track show-biz gossip. Jackson wants a sex-change operation; Jackson has gone under the knife for extensive plastic surgery; Jackson has been shot full of female hormones to keep his face pretty and his voice soaring high. "Not true," says

Riggs. "I'm his voice teacher, and I'd know. He started out with a high voice, and I've taken it even higher. He can sing low—down to a basso low C—but he prefers to sing as high as he does because pop tenors have more range to create style." The power of gossip is such that it has penetrated the iron gates that surround the Jackson never-never land in Encino. It takes no effort of imagination to calculate what talk like that must do to a proud father and a mother who is a devout churchwoman. In addition to his door-to-door field service, which, according to his mother, "he does twice a week maybe for an hour or two," Michael attends meetings at a Kingdom Hall four times a week. On Sundays, he fasts.

And he dances. He shuts himself up at the house in a room that has no mirrors—"Mirrors make you pose," he has said—and cuts loose to his own music or to the Isley Brothers' *Showdown*, practicing what Dancer Hinton Battle calls "moves that kill. It's the combinations that really distinguish him as an artist. Spin, stop, pull up leg, pull jacket open, turn, freeze. And the glide, where he steps forward while pushing back. Spinning three times and popping up on his toes. That's a trademark, and a move a lot of professionals wouldn't try. If you go up wrong, you can really hurt yourself."

Three old pros are fans too. "I think he's terrific," says Director-Choreographer Bob Fosse. "Clean, neat, fast, with a sensuality that comes through. Maybe he's more a synthesizer than an innovator, but it's never the steps that are most important. It's the style. That's what Michael has." Gene Kelly talks about Jackson's "native historic intelligence and his great wit. He knows when to stop and then flash

out like a bolt of lightning. There are a lot of dancers who can go 90 miles an hour, but Michael is too clever for just that." From Fred Astaire comes perhaps the ultimate tribute: "My Lord, he is a wonderful mover. He makes these moves up himself and it is just great to watch. I think he just feels that way when he is singing those songs. I don't know how much more dancing he will take up, because singing and dancing at the same time is very difficult. But Michael is a dedicated artist. He dreams, thinks of it all the time. You can see what the result is."

Show business accepts innocence only if it can be sentimentalized; Jackson's world of fantasy is easier to dismiss with malicious gossip than understand with sympathy. "On some level, I don't even know whether it's conscious or not, Michael knows that he has to stand off the demands of reality and protect himself." Jane Fonda points out, Jackson spent more than a week with Fonda on the set of *On Golden Pond*, talking far into the

night about "acting, life, everything, Africa. Issues. We talked and talked and talked. His intelligence is instinctual and emotional, like a child's. If any artist loses that childlike, you lose a lot of creative juice. So Michael creates around himself a world that protects his creativity." And the world outside is intrigued: about that rhinestone glove, for instance, that he has taken to affecting of late. Whatever their significance may be to Michael, gloves neatly, wittily—and, one hopes, consciously—deflect seriousness and reflect two of Michael's most publicized obsessions. A glove, even one with 1,200 rhinestones, suits Astaire-style top and tails; it is also standard issue for many Disney cartoon characters.

In its fine details as well as its broadest aspects, Michael Jackson's dream world has been under construction for 25 years, and its chief architect has not rested yet. Katherine Jackson likes to say her family got into show business because the only other available outlet for communal fantasy, the television, broke one day. "You know children; if they don't have TV to watch, then they have to do other things," says their mother. She may be oversimplifying some, but a blown-out television is not so readily replaced in the home of a Gary, Ind., steelworker with a family to feed. "The dancing came natural," their mother adds. Soon after, Joe Jackson began his intensive after-school coaching and practice sessions. Occasionally, as he recalls, the neighbor children lobbed stones through the Jacksons' window and shouted performance critiques through the shattered glass. When inspiration flagged, Michael, then 5, would step right in and, says his mother, "make all the moves." One year later, Michael was the lead singer, and the boys were playing benefits and winning amateur contests.

**R**ufus Morgan, whose organization hired them to perform at a fund raiser for a firemen's ball, recalls, "Those boys were so fascinating to watch that everybody just gathered around the stage. We didn't dance. We watched and threw money." At Garnett Elementary School, Principal Gladys Johnson invited the boys to perform at an assembly. (Admission: 10¢. Proceeds split with the Jackson family.) About 1,200 students turned out, and this time around, not a rock was thrown. "The children really enjoyed that show," Johnson remembers. "I could not believe how they idolized those Jackson 5 boys." Johnson also kept an eye on Michael's academics, and once

advised the fourth-grader to bone up on his math. "My manager," Michael replied, "will take care of my money."

By the time they cut a couple of singles for a local label called Steeltown in 1968, word of the young prodigies with a front man who could sing and move like Jackie Wilson had started to spread as far as Detroit and Motown. Calls were placed; connections were made. In November 1969, Motown released the first Jackson 5 single, *I Want You Back*, with a propulsive vocal by Michael, 11. The record reached No. 1 in twelve weeks.

Over the next six years, the Jackson 5 became one of the cornerstone acts for a label that had more than its fair share of the best soul in the land. But after seven more Top Ten singles, there were the inevitable career dissatisfactions. Their fa-

chael entertains because maybe that's what he can do best. That doesn't mean he's better."

What it does mean, however, is living your life on guard, within tantalizing reach of platoons of adoring fans who stake out the gates of the Encino house starting at 4 a.m. or so. It means bringing home the hospital gown you wore after the accident on the Pepsi commercial and letting it be tossed over the fence, to be caught by one of the most adoring of the faithful, Dena Cypher, 16. "I look at it every night, smell it, all that good stuff," she reports. "I was going to wear it to bed, but my mom talked me out of it. We didn't want to wrinkle it. I mean, those are Michael's wrinkles in there."

Beguiling as those comparisons are between the extraterrestrial and Michael, the earthly, slightly spacey superstar, what may be most pertinently recalled about *ET* is the way in which the family's house was suddenly closed by outside forces, turned from a home into a hermetically sealed fortress. Spielberg talks about the "rage" he senses when he watches Jackson in concert, and the impression of angry release. Jackson, in front of an audience, is like a projectile—alive, explosive—that always returns, charge intact, to the chamber from which it was fired.

Jackson's whole existence is lined with insulation. His friends, many of whom are famous, help him keep life at bay and illusion near at hand: their celebrity, which complements his, also helps cast his everyday life with the living embodiments of public fantasy. "We might

think his bubble world is fantastical," says one of his most sympathetic pals. "But to him it's very real. My only fear is that he'll step out and become like everybody else. He is too special the way he is. He is not immune. If he steps out of that world, it might be his last time."

Still, even a fan like Amy Gancherov, 13, of nearby Sherman Oaks, can sometimes notice, as she catches a phantom glimpse of Jackson, that "he looks so sad." She thinks the reason may be that "everybody is always shoving things in his face." Occasionally Jackson comes out to the yard. Sometimes he will ride a red-and-white motor scooter. Sometimes he will take his electric car for a spin. It is a close copy of a vehicle from Mr. Toad's Wild Ride at Disneyland. Outside the iron gates, the fans on the street can see him whizzing along the driveway, playing by himself, and at those times, he is too far away for anyone to see his face at all.

—By Jay Cocks. Reported by Denise Worrell/Los Angeles, with other bureaus



Jackson and a gaggle of ghouls prepare to shake a leg in the video *Thriller*. A werewolf in Peter Pan's body: "He has to stand off reality."

ther struck up a deal with Epic Records, provoking bad feeling at Motown and some family tension. Jermaine, who had married Berry Gordy's daughter Hazel, stayed behind at Motown, soloing, while the other brothers moved on.

Now calling themselves the Jacksons (Motown retained title to the name Jackson 5), they proceeded to cut four albums, two of which, *Destiny* and *Triumph*, went platinum. But it was Michael's first Epic solo album, *Off the Wall*, that started to set the barns alight burning. His excessive prominence within the family was always manageable, one senses, but not without stressing the importance of perspective. "Michael is pretty stable," his mother says. "I think it's his raisin." We used to talk to the boys about getting big heads. None of them is better than anyone else. One might have a little more talent, but that doesn't make you better. You're just the same as anyone else. It's just a job. Other people might be doctors and lawyers, but Mi-



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## Show Business

# "He Hasn't Gone Crazy over Success"

*Inside his world: swans, a soda fountain and a very private wonderland*



*Michael Jackson stays in his fantasy kingdom, away from public and press alike. His parents also avoid the press, but TIME Correspondent Denise Worrell was able to talk at length with them and be taken through the family's Encino home. Joseph and Katherine Jackson offered a unique look into their son's childhood, his talent and his inner world.*

Until the last minute, there was no assurance I would see Joseph Jackson, Michael's father. I doubted I would. The meeting place had already been changed from his home in Encino, a wealthy Los Angeles suburb, to his office, on the seventh floor of the Motown Building in Hollywood. At 1:30 p.m. my contact put in a call to the elder Jackson's office to remind him we were on our way. He wasn't there. We waited and waited. Finally Jackson's office returned the call. We got there at around 4 o'clock.

Jackson stands up when we enter the room. He is wearing black pants, a black short-sleeved shirt, a maroon tie decorated with the official Olympic seal. He is not quite 6 ft. tall, with thin legs and a slight paunch. On one wrist is a gold watch, on the other a gold chain bracelet with colored stones. He wears a gold-and-diamond ring on the fourth finger of his left hand. His hair falls over his ears, the thin corkscrew curls shiny. His eyes are green, his mustache a pencil line over his lip. His nose looks as if it might have been broken once. There is a black mole the size of a nickel on his right cheek.

The office is unimpressive: regulation furniture, except for a rectangular brown marble desk that sits like a sarcophagus on a chrome stand. There is a glass-and-metal *étagère* with a stereo and records. An ink sketch of a lion's face with blue eyes hangs on the wall, and there is a small bronze lion on the desk. Jackson tells me he is a Leo. A picture of Michael onstage in a silvery costume hangs above a small table along with two ivory elephant tusks carved into totems. Jackson is nervous, wary. He talks very gently. I get the sense that he is used to trying to protect himself. He seems to think that people are out to get him, and they probably are. He is not sophisticated, but he is canny. Instinct is definitely the light in his eyes.

At first the conversation is strained. He warms up after about 20 minutes, talking about his boys and how he trained them, and especially about Michael: "I remember when Michael was a little kid. We used to do personal appearances on Friday and Saturday

nights. I'd take the children out all over the city and into other cities. Michael would get his allowance every week from the tours. I gave him \$20, and he would buy a lot of candy. He would call all his friends in the neighborhood and Michael would give them candy, and he would enjoy them eating candy. That was the main thing he liked to do, and he loved to sing and dance. Michael's got the gift all right. It's in the record sales and it's in his voice. When he was only about five years old he sang songs like *Tobacco Road* and *Cloud Nine* by the Temptations, some of the other songs from Motown. We had a record

be doing pretty well; he hasn't gone crazy over all his success. It's very hard. He's got a lot of people trying to get to him and bother him and he has to smile when he wants to cry. It can be rough sometimes. But that's show biz. You either have to deal with it or get out of it.

"I guess we were able to protect him when he was little by reading the Bible and all that. Michael is religious, more so than his brothers. He is a devoted Jehovah's Witness. They were all brought up studying the Bible. My boys are very good. They're not into drugs. I'm not just saying it. Other people can tell you that too. There's nothing wrong with



**The architects of pop stardom: Katherine and Joseph Jackson at home in Encino**

*"I gave my children my know-how, knowledge and my time, and it has paid off."*

having a little drink once in a while, but they don't even do that. They don't smoke. They're in good health. Michael is thin as a razor. He goes into that studio sometimes and he dances two hours without even stopping, and that tells me that he's in great shape. Michael always could dance, and he was good at choreography, makes his own steps up. Most of the choreography you see the Jacksons do, they have some input, but Michael does a lot of it.

"Michael is a vegetarian. I mean really a vegetarian. He's the type of vegetarian that hardly eats anything. No fish. No meat. Nuts and grapes and things of that sort and dishes that we have a cook come in to fix. For fun Michael sometimes plays with the llama he has here and he invites all the relatives, the kids. He has a popcorn machine—you've seen those oldtime popcorn wagons on wheels you can walk up to and pop corn. That's what he does. He pops the corn for the kids. He has an ice-cream machine that makes this frozen

people. "When he was younger he liked animals, and he still does. At home now we have a llama, two fawns, though they're big ones now, and we have a ram and a boa constrictor. Michael has three parrots, two pairs of swans, one's a black pair, one's white. Sometimes those swans get to fighting out there, plopping around in the water out there, and it wakes you up. He has some peacocks. I like animals, but I can be tired of them after a while.

"Michael never gets tired of an animal. He is like a child. In other words, he is still growing up. He still looks for advice from Katherine and me, and we give it to him. He is very shy. I say that he's shy around a few people, but onstage in front of thousands and thousands of people, he really comes across. If he was here with you and me, he would be shy. He seems to

custard and he gives all the kids custard. He likes to dress casual all the time. When you see Michael dress, it's a statement for just that purpose.

"When I found out that my kids were interested in becoming entertainers, I really went to work with them. I rehearsed them about three years before I turned them loose. That's practically every day for at least two or three hours. When the other kids would be out on the street playing games, my boys were in the house working—trying to learn how to be something in life. They got a little upset about the whole thing in the beginning because the other kids were out there having a good time. I noticed though that they were getting better and better. Then I saw that after they became better they enjoyed it more. Then it was time to go out and do talent shows. We won the highest talent show in Indiana, and then we went over to Illinois and won there. It got so we could play nightclubs in Chicago like the High Chaparral and the Guys and Gals Club. This was on the weekends. I had a Volkswagen bus and I bought a big luggage rack and put it on top and had everybody on the inside of the bus. One day I noticed when I was coming out of the yard that the instruments on top of the bus were taller than the bus.

"A lot of people like to take credit for bringing the Jacksons to Motown. Diana Ross had a special, and she put us on it. She opened the doors for us. Gladys Knight was the first one who tried to get me to come to Motown. But Joe Jackson brought the Jacksons to Motown. About two years before we actually got there, I sent Berry Gordy a tape. They kept it about three months and then sent it back. But I knew the kids had something.

"We had some hard times, really hard times. But it looks like to me it's gotten harder. They're No. 1 all around the world and looks like everybody's taking potshots at them, or taking a piece of this from them or a piece of that. People are trying to break up the family, and I'm trying to hold it together. The greed for money is what it is. I'm not about that at all. What I'm speaking about is outsiders who see money possibilities and try to separate the boys for their own purposes. I'm not talking about each of the boys going off and making their own albums. Michael hasn't gone off, he just made an album that became very, very successful.

"People have called me a racist. I'm not a racist. If I were, I wouldn't be sitting here talking to you right now. If I were a racist, I wouldn't have hired a lot of people that aren't black to work for me.



The den and the bar that is really an old-fashioned soda fountain

If I were a racist, I would be somewhere else trying to start a lot of trouble. That's what racists are doing. They are out there trying to put blacks against whites and whites against blacks. I'm not that. The reason there haven't been any magazine stories before now about this is that I was afraid of being misquoted. Michael has been misquoted several times. Set my record straight. I am not a racist. I am just the opposite. I wasn't raised that way. I'm an American. I gave my children 100% of my know-how, knowledge and my time in trying to develop them to be what they are today, and it has paid off and is still paying off.

"The Jackson music is a type of music that the young kids like, and as you know, the older people like too. It's music to send a message to all the people whether they're black or white. It's music for rejoicing, whether you're black or white. It's for the whole world. You can tell the music is for the whole world because the whole world is listening and the whole world buys and the whole world dances."

At about 6 o'clock, Jackson stands up and puts on a brown leather jacket. We get ready to leave. Jackson says, "You hungry? You like Chinese?" We drive down Hollywood Boulevard in a big blue Mercedes convertible to his favorite Chinese restaurant, Ting Ho, in Hollywood. Two plainclothes policemen are frisking a white punk in the parking lot. We eat steaming platefuls of shrimp and chicken with Chinese pea pods. "No one cooks at home," he says. "I'm the only one who eats meat. The rest eat only vegetables." Jackson is very shy. He has no idea what

The dining room filled with flowers and peacock-printed chairs



to talk about. "I want you to eat," he says, "like you're at home. Enjoyin' it?" he asks. Walking back to the car, he says, "You cold?" He gets a black leather jacket out of the trunk. In the car I say I had hoped to meet his wife and interview her. He says, "I don't know." He is quiet. "I don't know. We're going to New York tomorrow." What about tonight? And he says, "I don't know. I don't even know if anyone's home. If I call, they'll say no for sure." He laughs, then is silent. "You game?" he asks.

On the freeway to Encino we talk about cars and boats and nothing. We take the Havenhurst exit, and Jackson says, "This is our neighborhood." We cross Ventura and almost immediately turn into a driveway with an iron gate that swings slowly open. A TV camera stares into the car. "Everybody knows who's comin' now," Jackson says. The gate shuts and we pass a guard station. A uniformed man nods his head to Jackson. We start down a driveway lined with well-trimmed shrubs. At the end, on the right, stands a four-car Tudor-style garage. Above the doors is the word WELCOME. An oversize clock with Roman numerals marks the center of the building. Opposite the garage is a huge mock-Tudor house. We walk in a back door and through what Jackson calls the "game room." It is completely lined with arcade video games like Frogger, Space Invaders and Pac-Man. Nothing else is in it. The next room is empty except for piles of boxes. Michael is going to build a miniature of the Disneyland ride Pirates of the Caribbean here. It is pretty dark and I cannot see well. We walk into the kitchen. It is gleaming: white tile floors, chrome-and-black ovens, stove and appliances. The foyer of the house is lighted by a chandelier dangling from the ceiling two floors above. The circular staircase leading to the second floor is carpeted in green, the floor is white marble. A square gold-leaf table holds a vase with an armful of flowers. There is a grandfather clock in the corner ornamented with gold filigree. Everything seems to have been splashed with gold. Bronze statuary peoples the room.

The "trophy room" is off the foyer. The walls are covered with gold and platinum albums and singles. Mahogany cases, the kind museums use for displaying rare manuscripts, glint with gold and platinum. Jackson walks me to the screening room. The walls and the curtain draw across the screen are teal blue. The 32 seats are upholstered in red velvet. In the den is a horseshoe-shaped viewing area, with a couch facing a fireplace and a built-

## Show Business

in television set. Another large clock with Roman numerals hangs above the mantelpiece. Off the den is a mahogany bar under a leaded stained-glass window with a knight in armor looking up at a black castle on a hill. The bar is really an old-fashioned soda fountain: you can have whatever you want, ice cream, milkshakes, sodas. The living room is like a garden, with hundreds of flowers printed on the couches and rugs. The dining room is more of the same: mahogany and gilt with rococo flourishes.

Jackson takes me outside to the back. The patio is made of perfectly placed brown bricks. A tree is strung with tiny white lights. We turn to look at the house. It too is outlined with tiny white lights, which trace squares along the Tudor lines. "The Tivoli lights," says Jackson. In the back courtyard there is an old-fashioned red popcorn cart, the kind you see at country fairs with pretty gold lettering on the sides. Jackson wants to show me the swimming pool. A wall behind it has four fountainheads carved like bearded Neptunes spouting water from puckered lips. A large mosaic of a parrot fills the wall behind the fountains. There is also a Jacuzzi bath. We walk along a brick path, lined with clusters of flowers, that leads to a bridge over a pond. The moonlight shines down on the two pairs of swans gliding on the water. One of the black swans lifts its head and makes a long, low sound: Jackson imitates the sound and laughs: "It's like a little dog barking."

**O**n the other side of the pond are a white gazebo and two large bird cages, nestled in trees by the water. In one cage is a pair of peacocks, the female mud-colored, the male electric blue even in the dark. Jackson walks over to a stable, where a ram named Mr. Tibbs and a llama named Louie stick their heads out to nuzzle. We go to the garage and climb the stairs to the second story. It is a picture gallery. The walls and ceilings are papered with hundreds and hundreds of pictures of the Jackson family. It is like a cave whose walls map out history. The Jacksons grow up on these walls. A corner of the room is filled with boxes of the get-well cards and gifts Michael received after his hair caught on fire.

We walk back to the house and Jackson says, "Let's see if anyone is around." His wife, it turns out, is shopping. We go up the circular staircase; I am following Jackson. He walks down the green-carpeted hallway and knocks on a door. LaToya, a striking woman who looks like Michael, comes out of her bedroom. She is warm and friendly. Janet, the youngest Jackson child, also friendly, but quiet, says hello.

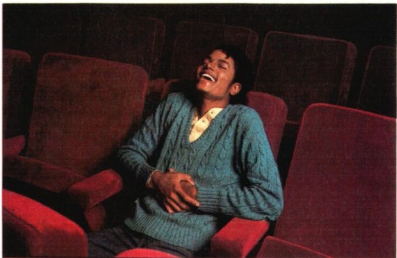
We turn around and walk down the hallway again, but this time to the far end of the house. I am still following Jackson. He knocks on a closed door. "Michael, I have someone I want you to meet." I can't hear what Michael says. "Can I bring her

into your room?" asks Joe. He opens the door. The only light comes from a television set. The light glisters off Michael's hair. He and a young man who looks about 20 are sitting side by side on straight-backed chairs facing the television. Michael is watching it intently. They stand up. Michael is wearing a blue coat and dark pants. The friend is wearing a plain white shirt and black pants. The room is very dark. There seem to be outlines of figures against the far wall. Above the TV are shelves, and on the top one I can see what looks like dolls or mannequins about two feet tall.

Michael in a very quiet voice introduces his friend to his father, giving only one name. I cannot hear it. Jackson introduces me to Michael, saying that I am from TIME magazine. He adds, "We just had a nice long interview." Michael and I shake hands. His hand feels like a cloud. He barely says "Hi." His friend extends

Katherine Jackson says, "Oh, not now. I don't like interviews. Well, what do you want to ask me?" I tell her and she says, "All right, let's go." The three of us go into the living room. Katherine Jackson sits poised and serene. Michael calls her Kat. She is a devout Jehovah's Witness and is very proud, very protective of her family. She says, "Ever since Michael was very young, he seemed different to me from the rest of the children. I don't believe in reincarnation, but you know how babies move uncoordinated? He never moved that way. When he danced, it was like he was an older person." Katherine talks about her life raising nine children as if she were taking a walk over a patch of ground for the thousandth time, familiar and at ease with every bump and flower. We talk for about 20 minutes while my cab waits.

The cab pulls out, past a three-tiered white fountain at the front of the house. Michael's red-and-white scooter bike is



At the center of his universe: Michael relaxes in his private screening room

his hand, which is damp. He seems nervous. Michael stares with his almond eyes for a long minute and turns to the television. There is silence and I feel that Joe is uncomfortable. It is so dark I cannot see anything. We back out of the room and Joe shuts the door. We walk away and he says, "Michael has a friend over. He isn't about to give any interviews. You got pretty close, though."

I call a cab. We walk outside. Katherine Jackson pulls up in a car and gets out with several packages. We follow her in. She is about 5 ft. 4 in. and is wearing a blue pantsuit and a red blouse with a tie at the neck. She walks with a slight limp (she had polio as a baby). Her hair is black and rolls to the shoulders. Her skin is smooth and creamy brown like Michael's. Jackson tells her it would be good for her to have an interview with me. She says, "Oh, Joe, I don't want to do an interview. You know you and Michael always get misquoted." Joe says, "She says we won't be."

leaning against a wall. All the windows in the house are leaded glass with beveled panes. We start out the open gate, when suddenly the guard in the security station runs and calls after us. We return to the house. Michael's parents are waiting in the foyer. Katherine Jackson calls me by name and says, "There have been a lot of rumors about Michael, that he has had operations to have his eyes widened and his cheeks changed and everything. Those things are simply not true. He had only one operation, on his nose. We were hoping you'd set the record straight and put a stop to the rumors. They also say Michael is gay. Michael isn't gay. It's against his religion. It's against God. The Bible speaks against it." Joe Jackson repeats, "Michael isn't gay."

This time the cab gets past the gate, which clicks closed behind us. On the street are two police cars and a group of teen-age girls hanging out, hoping for a glimpse of Michael. ■





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## Press

### Of Reputations and Reporters

*A conference considers better protection for journalists*

When the New York Times won its landmark 1964 libel defense against a suit brought by Montgomery, Ala., City Commissioner L.B. Sullivan, journalists throughout the U.S. hailed the Supreme Court's ruling as a triumph for freedom of expression. The Justices in effect shifted the burden of proof from publishers to plaintiffs, and required that public officials must prove that the journalists either knew the disputed stories were false or acted in "reckless disregard" of the truth. For several years, it seemed all but impossible for a prominent person to bring a successful libel suit; journalists were emboldened to enterprising, at times overly aggressive, reportage. In the past few years, however, Supreme Court rulings have nibbled away at the privileges afforded by *Times vs. Sullivan*. At a symposium last week of top libel-law scholars—including the main attorneys in the *Times* case—the consensus was that journalism needs more further protection.

Conference participants disagreed about how much reporters are to blame for the growth in libel litigation in recent years. Said former Secretary of State William Rogers, who represented a group of civil rights activists associated with the *Times* in the 1964 case: "The press has been partly irresponsible." The keynote speaker, U.S. Appeals Court Judge Irving Kaufman, contended that the results in libel cases may be distorted by jurors' distaste for journalism. Said Kaufman: "Broadcast and print media are perceived by some as aloof, arrogant and insensitive." News organizations eventually prevail in more than 90% of libel cases, according to the Libel Defense Resource Center, but in the past three years journalists have lost 83% of initial jury trials, and in 22 cases the damage award was more than \$1 million. Even when awards are reversed on appeal, cases sometimes cost more than \$1 million to defend. Indeed, journalists contend that many libel cases are filed in part to harass the press, and some publishers have urged adoption of Britain's system of making the loser in a suit pay the winner's legal fees.

Many of the conferees agreed that the libel trial process can be too slow, too costly for both sides, and ultimately unsatisfactory, because reputation rather than monetary damages is usually what is at

stake. Kaufman and other participants urged consideration of two major changes in libel law: elimination or sharp reduction of punitive damage awards in excess of a plaintiff's actual losses, and use of published retractions as part of a settlement.

Punitive damages, which make up the bulk of many of the biggest awards, are intended to discourage false and harmful reporting, and thus by their nature raise difficult constitutional questions about interference with editorial freedom. New York Times Columnist Anthony Lewis, who is also a lecturer at Harvard Law School, argued, "The vindication of one's good name does not require colossal verdicts. Damages awarded without effective limit in libel may violate the First Amendment." The concern is more than theoretical: a libel suit against



Urging change: Judge Kaufman

the Alton Telegraph (circ. 37,000) in Illinois forced the 148-year-old newspaper into bankruptcy court in 1981 and nearly resulted in its closing. Some two dozen states prohibit publications from buying insurance against punitive damages. Explains Conference Chairman Richard Winfield, a New York City attorney: "These states take the position that it violates public policy to allow a wrongdoer to escape punishment."

One major alternative to punitive damages is retraction. In some states, if a publication concedes in print, with sufficient prominence, that a story was in error, then a plaintiff is limited to suing for actual damages; if the publication refuses to retract the story, however, it is vulnerable to suits for punitive damages. Conference participants acknowledged that negotiating a retraction could be almost as complex as a trial. Moreover, retraction rules can resemble unconstitutional coercion, warned New York City Attorney James Goodale, a former vice chairman of the New York Times Co. Said he: "Journalists perceive mandatory-retraction regulations as a threat to free speech."

But, said Kaufman, "a retraction may serve as a more realistic balm for ravaged reputations than does monetary compensation." Libel plaintiffs may agree, according to Gilbert Cranberg, Gallup Professor of Journalism at the University of Iowa. In his study of some 114 cases, he says, plaintiffs show "great interest in vindication rather than money." ■



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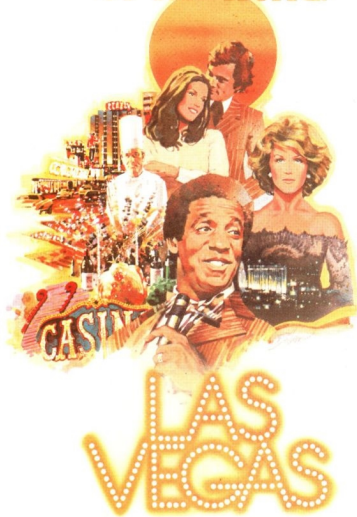
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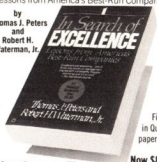
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Thomas J. Peters heads his own consulting firm, the Palo Alto Consulting Center, and teaches at Stanford Business School. He was formerly a principal at McKinsey & Company, a management consulting firm. He is a well-published business writer and contributor to *The Wall Street Journal*.

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# Environment

## Puzzling Holes in the Forest

*Trees from Maine to Alabama are showing a decline in growth*

In some sections of Georgia and South Carolina, yellow pine trees seem to be growing much more slowly than they once did. In southern New Jersey, patches of pitch pines have stopped growing altogether. So have parcels of spruce trees on Whiteface Mountain in New York. On Camels Hump, a major peak in Vermont's Green Mountain range, and Mount Mitchell in North Carolina, the highest peak in the East, red spruce are losing their foliage and dying, leaving barren patches on the once lush slopes. Says Botanist Hub Vogelmann of the University of Vermont: "There are some pretty big holes in the forest."

The decline, confined thus far mostly to the Eastern states, is puzzling scientists from Maine to Alabama. The mysterious selective blight may merely signal shifts in local ecological balances. Or, say the scientists, it may be the start of a trend toward devastation that could eventually engulf the entire Eastern green range. Their worry is not unfounded. An apparently similar malady has ravaged 34% of West Germany's wooded lands, causing an annual \$509 million in damages to timber and related industries. So far, the U.S. decline has been measured mostly in aesthetic and recreational losses. But it is beginning to have an economic cost as well. Sugar Maple Harvester David Marvin, for example, has lost all the maple trees on ten acres of his 700-acre Vermont spread. A reduction in maple trees could spell disaster for the state's \$10 million-a-year sugar industry. Other areas could be hit hard as well. Says Joe McClure of the Southern Region Office of the U.S. Forest Service: "Potential losses would be very significant if a long-term decline developed. Timber sales are just the beginning. The Southeast relies heavily on wood growing, transporting and manufacturing products from it."

To gather evidence of damage, the U.S. Forest Service each decade resurveys thousands of one-acre plots, checking the diameter and height of trees and looking for portents of new growth. The ongoing survey of Southern Piedmont woodlands shows that in the past ten years the growth rate of loblolly pine, a coniferous evergreen, has been 25% less than expected. Botanist Vogelmann's 20-year study of Camels Hump has shown a rapid decline in nine species of trees on the 4,083-ft. peak. The biomass (the combined weight of tree trunk, branches and foliage) has

dropped sharply for several kinds of trees: 25% for sugar maples and beech and 34% for white birch. Red spruce has been the hardest hit, with a biomass decline of 71%.

Another clue comes from a study of 7,000 trees, sponsored by the Environmental Protection Agency. Scientists at Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee examined 14,000 core samples of the tree trunks. Their findings: beginning in 1960, in eight Eastern states, pitch and



Dead red spruce and balsam fir atop Camels Hump in Vermont

*Shifting local ecology or a devastating trend?*

shortleaf pines and red spruce started to show narrowing growth rings, a sign of sluggish development. Similar changes have been noted in West Germany's stricken trees.

Still, most scientists agree that there is not nearly enough evidence to pin down the cause of the deterioration. Several possible suspects have been considered. Among them: insects, plant disease, poor soil condition and abnormal climate changes. Experts note that the decline began about the time of the great Northeast drought of the early 1960s. "Drought is undoubtedly a major component of a large part of the decline," says Robert Rosenthal of the EPA. "But it doesn't explain it all. There is pretty good evidence

that there are air pollution effects." Plant Pathologist Robert Bruck of North Carolina State University points out that tree growth slowed down in the early 1960s, just after extensive industrial expansion in the Ohio and Tennessee valleys. Says he: "Pollution from these industries got sent East, and the first things to intercept it were the forests at higher elevations."

Indeed, the most severe damage has occurred at high altitudes to such trees as the red spruce and Fraser and balsam firs. The summits of Camels Hump and Mount Mitchell are enshrouded for as much as a quarter of the year in clouds, which are loaded with acidic chemicals and toxic heavy metals. Says Arthur Johnson, a soil expert at the University of Pennsylvania: "Vegetation essentially combs polluted moisture droplets out of the clouds." Mountain tops at this altitude are also exposed to high concentrations of ozone and get more rain, which washes chemicals onto the trees. "Most people think of remote mountains as ideal vacation spots that are very clean, but they're not," declares Johnson. Many isolated areas in the mountains of New England have abnormally high levels of copper, zinc, nickel and cadmium. And the Green Mountains of New Hampshire, seemingly pristine, in fact rival big cities when it comes to lead pollution.

Researchers speculate that chemicals may work their damage in several ways. The excess ozone might open the pores of leaves, allowing acid rain to leach vital nutrients. Or acid rain may cause harmful changes in the chemical composition of the soil. Rain may also deposit toxic heavy metals that damage plants' root systems. Says Richard Phipps of the U.S. Geological Survey: "The darn thing is a heck of a lot more complex than we ever thought."

Solutions seem a long way off. Arboreal experts are only now beginning to assess the severity of the problem. The Forest Service, for example, has just started a study of the condition of yellow pine, the South's prime source of commercial timber. At Oak Ridge, botanists are examining samples of soil for traces of metals such as aluminum and zinc. In May, U.S. forest experts will travel to West Germany to compare notes with European scientists; in turn, German researchers will visit the U.S. in June. Says Fred White, staff forester with the North Carolina division of forest resources in Raleigh: "Initial answers for this phenomenon will probably be a combination of total nonsense, the truth and lots in between."

—By Anastasia Toufexis.  
Reported by Jay Branegan/Washington, with other bureaus

## Law

### When Justice Costs Millions

*The "bandits in Westchester" and other budget busters*

The defendants arrive at the Westchester County courthouse every day in a law-enforcement caravan that starts 18 miles away. Entrances to the courthouse are blocked by concrete barriers to ward off Beirut-style truck-bomb attacks. Participants and spectators are screened twice by metal detectors before entering the eighth-floor courtroom. Outside there are armed police everywhere, seen and unseen.

The extraordinary new precautions are for the trial of self-styled Revolutionaries Kathy Boudin and Samuel Brown, who are charged with murder and robbery

matter. Many complicated criminal cases routinely cost taxpayers hundreds of thousands of dollars. The reasons for the phenomenal bills vary from case to case. Brink's-style security is uncommon. More usual cost escalators include lengthy investigations, prolonged jury selection and the growing tendency of lawyers to use streams of well-paid expert witnesses and counterexperts. In trials of indigents, the public must pay for both sides. Some courtroom staff would be employed in any event, but long trials can make it necessary to bring in additional lawyers, clerks and judges. "The price of justice has be-



Participants and spectators being searched before entering Brink's courtroom

*In the legal arms race, "I bring in a hired gun, so you bring in two hired guns."*

in the 1981 Brink's armored-car holdup. And if the security is awesome, so is the price tag. Westchester County officials estimate that by the time the trial ends, perhaps in August, it will have cost \$3.5 million above day-to-day court expenses.

The Brink's case is just one of several recent prosecutions that have rung up staggering costs. The present state trial and the one last year involving three other Brink's defendants together are likely to empty the public coffers of an extra \$7 million to \$10 million, rendering it the costliest state prosecution in the history of the U.S. The figure makes the two trials of California Mass Murderer Juan Corona (\$4.6 million) and the "Hillside Stranglings" case of Angelo Buono (\$1.6 million) seem like bargains. The Wayne Williams trial in Atlanta and the related police investigation into the slayings of 29 young blacks ran upwards of \$2.5 million.

Notoriety alone is not the root of the

cost astronomical," says James Stewart, director of the National Institute of Justice. "It's like an arms race. I bring in a hired gun, so you bring in two hired guns."

The prospect of spending even \$100,000, not unusual for a major full-dress murder trial, is enough to threaten some smaller towns and counties with penury. Under a turn-of-the-century New York law, for instance, Rockland County must foot the Brink's bill because the murders and robbery occurred there, even though changes of venue moved the first trial to Orange County and the second to Westchester. To pay for the first trial, Rockland last year had to double a new county sales tax. The huge expenses in the second have touched off a war of words between Rockland and Westchester officials. When Herbert Reisman, chairman of the Rockland County legislature, speaks of the "bandits in Westchester," he does not mean the defendants. The extensive security procedures are "outrageous

and outlandish," Reisman says. "There is no way Westchester County would approve the requests made by their director of public safety if they had to pay the bill themselves."

New York Governor Mario Cuomo two weeks ago agreed to help by having the state contribute \$1 million toward the Brink's trial. Shifting the cost of expensive cases to agencies better able to pay is one solution to the problem. Massachusetts has been picking up local court costs since 1978, which means that the high price of the current barroom gang-rape trial in Fall River will not make a dent in the Bristol County budget. Since 1961, California counties have been able to recover part of the cost of budget-busting homicide trials from the state.

Some court officials are less concerned about the price of trials and investigations than about the price of the endless appeals process. That cost is especially high in capital cases, and court observers say that in some areas a county's assessment of its ability to pay will often determine whether it seeks the death penalty in a murder case. The expense is "prohibitive, particularly in marginal cases," says John Carroll, legal director of the Southern Poverty Law Center.

Cost concerns can also completely finish off a case. Last month an Arizona judge dismissed riot and assault charges against 19 members of a black religious sect after officials of sparsely populated Cochise County refused to continue paying for their legal defense. The 19 were charged after a 1982 melee with police. By the time six of the defendants were ready for trial in February, the county had doled out its entire \$300,000 indigent defense fund, and officials decided they could not afford to pay any more.

Such an outcome is still an anomaly. Most experts believe that overall the costs of the criminal-court system are not increasing at a rate that is out of line with the rest of the economy. The majority of prosecutors and judges are still willing to commit whatever resources are necessary, even in blockbuster cases. The trial in which Texas Nurse Genevieve Jones was recently convicted of murdering a baby in a clinic where she worked cost Kerr County a big part of its annual court budget. But in nearby Bexar County, District Attorney Sam Millsap is gearing up to prosecute her again for injecting a second baby with a life-threatening drug. "Someone tried to kill a child, and justice demands that that person be tried," he says. Like many, he refuses to apply only an accountant's yardstick. "There's no way you can make justice cost effective. If we ever get to the point where we base a decision to prosecute on its price tag, then we will not have a criminal justice system." —By Michael S. Serrill. Reported by Barry Kalb/New York, with other bureaus



## Medicine

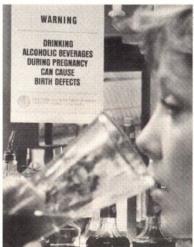
### Sad News for the Happy Hour

*A city's bars caution mothers-to-be about drinking*

Manhattan's Le Zinc restaurant, with its high ceiling and zinc-topped bar, is a popular spot for New Yorkers to relax with dinner and a drink after work. But last week the atmosphere became less convivial for those pregnant women accustomed to their evening cocktail. On a mirrored wall behind the bar, amid an array of posted regulations, a new sign in stark black lettering went up. It read: "Warning: Drinking Alcoholic Beverages During Pregnancy Can Cause Birth Defects."

The sign was posted in accordance with a newly passed New York City

case of an FAS child born to less than a chronically addicted woman." Dr. John Larsen of George Washington University even takes issue with the Surgeon General's findings. There is no evidence, he says, that "one glass of wine has any damaging effect." His concern is that the posting of signs will serve only "to burden with guilt the well educated and sensitive, without having any effect on pregnant women who are heavy drinkers." Indeed, says Boston University Psychiatrist Henry Rosett, such warnings might create anxiety that could threaten the health of a pregnant woman and her child.



**A Manhattan restaurant scene last week**

*"A burden of guilt for the sensitive."*

health regulation requiring such notices in all bars, restaurants and liquor stores in the city. The regulation is the nation's first, but already the state legislatures in New York and Maine are considering similar laws. A proposal to put warning labels on alcoholic beverages has been introduced in Congress a number of times over the past five years, but without success. The most influential statement on the subject to date: a 1981 warning by the U.S. Surgeon General that pregnant women should avoid alcohol entirely.

Many U.S. doctors believe that the evidence against alcohol is strong enough to warrant strict warnings. But others disagree and doubt that warning signs are justified. Basically, physicians are disputing the degree of alcohol consumption necessary to risk the abnormalities that physicians call FAS, for fetal alcohol syndrome. Says Dr. Robert J. Sokol, an obstetrician at Wayne State University: "It's questionable whether there has ever been

Although the dangers of alcohol consumption during pregnancy were recognized by the ancient Greeks, it has been only in the past decade that FAS has become a subject for research. U.S. Government and other researchers' estimates of the incidence of alcohol-caused defects range from one in 500 births to one in 10,000. The abnormalities include decreased weight, height and head size, malformations of the head and face, and mental retardation. Drinking during pregnancy has also been associated with a greater risk of miscarriage. One clue to the cause of these effects comes from National Institutes of Health Researcher Anil Mukherjee, who in 1982 showed that in monkeys the equivalent of three to five drinks consumed rapidly temporarily cuts off all circulation to the fetus, suggesting that brain damage may result from oxygen deprivation. A number of human studies have been carried out in an attempt to find out the level of alcohol consumption necessary to put the fetus in jeopardy. A two-year study at Boston University, begun in 1977, divided pregnant women into groups ranging from those who abstained from alcohol to heavy drinkers. It found that the occurrence of FAS was markedly more common among the heavy drinkers, defined as women consuming at least five drinks on one occasion and 45 drinks a month. But, says Psychiatrist Rosett, who organized the study, there was no difference in the incidence of birth defects between moderate drinkers and those who did not drink at all.

Even so, many physicians prefer to err on the side of caution. "No one knows the risk factors," says Dr. Jokichi Takamine, chairman of the American Medical Association's task force on alcoholism. He believes that pregnant women should abstain completely. Atlanta Obstetrician Donald Block, for one, is delighted with the idea of the warning signs. He says, "Now when I tell pregnant women not to drink, they are prepared." ■

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# Behavior

## Sex, Death and Red Riding Hood

Academics squabble amid a clash of symbols

Once upon a time, a little girl was told by her mother to take some bread and milk to her grandmother. The child was wearing a small red cap, given to her in the 17th century, when she was already hundreds of years old. The cap could have been a symbol of menstruation or a sign of witchcraft and evil. Or maybe it was just a plain hat.

In the forest, she met a wolf and told him her destination. Big mistake. The wolf got to grandmother's first, devoured or killed the old woman, and either did or did not serve pieces of the body to the girl. The wolf ordered the girl to strip and throw her clothes on the fire, to the clear displeasure of the Brothers Grimm, who were not about to put a striptease into one of their uplifting 19th century tales. The wolf then ate the girl, which is the end of the story, unless a hunter shot the wolf with an arrow, or cut its belly open, allowing the girl and her granny to escape.

Nearly everyone agrees that the story *Little Red Riding Hood* is an evocative tale of sex and violence, but exactly what it evokes is a matter of dispute among folklorists, anthropologists, Freudians, feminists and literary critics. The wolf, for instance, has been variously interpreted as the id, the pleasure principle, the predatory male, the phallus, an outlaw, a demon, the animal in all of us, and the inherent dangerousness of a cruel world.

Such theories were bandied about by 100 zealous intellectuals at a conference on "Fairy Tales and Society" held earlier this month at Princeton University. They considered everything from the role of the simpleton to the psychological makeup of Scheherazade. *Red Riding Hood* drew a good deal of attention; the feminist version of the story seemed ascendant, and the Freudian view in decline. Jack Zipes, a Marxist professor of German at the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, charged that male writers had taken an oral tale of a "shrewd, brave, tough and independent" girl and turned it into "a narrative about rape in which the heroine is obliged to bear the responsibility for sexual violation."

Specialists have agreed that French author Charles Perrault in 1697, and later Germany's Grimm brothers, touched up the gory peasant narrative to make it more appealing to upper-class readers. Perrault, Zipes charged, portrayed the girl as negli-

gent and naive, and added the hood, or red hat, during his time a symbol of sin and the devil. Zipes, author of the book *The Trials and Tribulations of Little Red Riding Hood*, said the Grimms made matters worse by having the mother warn the girl not to stray from the path, thus setting up



Was Red Riding Hood responsible for her own rape?



The wolf as id, outlaw, demon and predatory male

the subsequent rape as the girl's own fault. The transformed story, said Zipes, carries a sexist message: sex is dangerous for women, women deserve what they get, and only a strong male (the hunter) can rescue foolish girls from their lustful desires.

Other experts took a different view. Princeton Historian Robert Darnton, who was not at the conference, challenged Zipes on a key point. Zipes had asserted that the girl got away from the wolf in the oral tale by saying she had to go outside

and relieve herself. That version does exist, said Darnton, but the mainstream one, told for many hundreds of years, ends with the wolf eating the girl. It is, he said, a non-sexist and terrifying tale with a simple message: don't wander outside the village because both life and strangers are cruel.

Zipes and Darnton believe that the Freudians are woefully wrong, that they somberly analyze symbols that never existed in the original story. Psychoanalyst Erich Fromm, for example, in his 1951 book *The Forgotten Language*, says the

story's symbolism can be understood "without difficulty": the red cap represents menstruation, the mother's warning to Riding Hood not to drop a bottle refers to the danger of losing her virginity, and the view of sex as a cannibalistic act performed by ruthless males is "an expression of hate and prejudice against men." Psychoanalyst Bruno Bettelheim offers a more sophisticated interpretation in his 1976 book *The Uses of Enchantment*. He says that the wolf, who talks the girl into frittering away her time picking flowers, represents both id and pleasure principle. The tale concerns budding sexuality and oedipal longings to overthrow the mother (the devoured granny) and marry a father figure (the hunter).

Princeton English Professor Ulrich Knoepfelmacher attacked Zipes, saying, "He brings out a lot, but somehow throws it all into the same pot: Marxism, sociology, Freudianism." Anthony Vidler, a professor of architecture at Princeton, attempted a small joke, saying that the real problem in the tale was a design flaw: the weak lock on grandmother's door.

Gerhard Mueller, of the Rutgers school of criminal justice, made his expected point that *Little Red Riding Hood*, like most fairy tales, is a story about law. "In pre-literate society, this is a means of letting people know what's right and wrong, and how to fall in line," Mueller said. The first bishop of the Goths in the 4th century, he said, could find no term in his language for an offender who had committed a capital crime and so used the words "declare to be a wolf." Thus the wolf became the outlaw who had to die.

All the emphasis on sex and death proved too much for some in the audience at Princeton's McCormick Hall. Said a grandmother: "I'm startled. I read these stories to my grandchildren." She has little cause to worry. Academics will always pick at the tales and hunt for meaning. Some will inevitably impose their own ideologies. But the magic of the stories has withstood the centuries, and will survive analysis too.

—By John Leo



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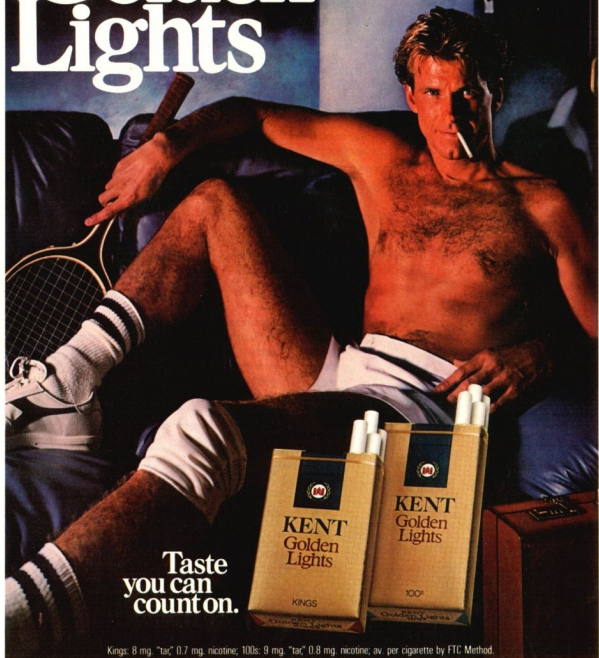
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# People



Literary lovers: Irons and Muti in *Un Amour de Swann*

The epic novel has intrigued and defied the efforts of such talented screenwriters and directors as Harold Pinter, Luchino Visconti and Peter Brook. For 22 years Producer **Nicole Stéphane** could not get anyone to complete a film based on Marcel Proust's seven-volume *Remembrance of Things Past*. Then, "motivated by pure altruism," German Director **Volker Schlöndorff** (*The*

*Tin Drum*), 44, agreed to "jump on the sinking vessel to try to save it." He focused on a single vignette from the book. English Actor **Jeremy Irons**, 35, and Italian Screen Siren **Ornella Muti**, 28, signed to play Swann and the courtesan he marries. The result, *Un Amour de Swann* (English version: *Swann in Love*), has opened in Paris, where it is a sensation, attracting intellectual controversy and long lines. Says Producer Stéphane: "The miracle happened."

Granny! Jethro! Elly May! C'mon in from the cement pond and sit down for a spell. You remember Miss Jane Hathaway, who used to work down at the bank with Mr. Drysdale when they called us the Beverly Hillbillies? Now, Granny, keep your bonnet on. Anyways, it turns out that her real name is **Nancy Kulp**, 62, and don't this beat all: she's running for the United States Congress in the ninth district of her home state of Pennsylvania. I know it's hard to imagine that straitlaced woman as a liberal, but it says right here that she's come out against Mr. Reagan's environmental and fiscal policies and is "appalled by the nuclear buildup." Now here's the best part. The Republican that's



"Miss Hathaway" campaigning

been doing the job for the past twelve years, a Mr. E.G. ("Bud") Shuster, says that Miss Jane is going to bring out all her fancy Beverly Hills friends and turn the race into "Hollywood East." Well, that got her madder than a wet possum, I guess, 'cause she came right back saying that her campaign "won't be predicated on stars coming in. I'll tell you that." Oooo, dogie!

He is the veteran star of 126 films and Japan's most famous actor, but **Toshiro Mifune**, 63, is still known to American audiences by only a handful of movies, among them Kurosawa's *Rashomon* and

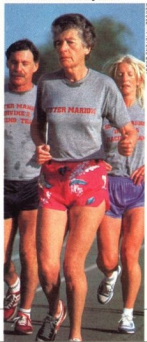


Mifune: a bow to tradition

the TV mini-series *Shōgun*. In spite of his relatively low profile in the U.S.—or perhaps because of it—Mifune was honored last week at the Japan Society in Manhattan, which was beginning an eight-week-long, 40-film retrospective of his work. He surprised his New York audience by appearing at the gala opening in the costume of *yabusame*, a centuries-old ceremonial riding and archery exercise that he has practiced for 40 years. The actor, who is also

adept at judo and kendo, seems to have acquired some of the humility of a Buddhist monk as well. Says he: "I'm not always in great pictures, but I'm always true to the Japanese spirit."

## Sister Marion: healthy habit



Every afternoon she emerges from San Francisco's Sacred Heart convent in shorts and T shirt and jogs for a minimum of ten miles. But for Sister **Marion Irvine**, 54, her 5½ years of long-distance running is more than just healthy outreach to the postwimple age. Last December, the Dominican nun covered the 26-mile 385-yard course at the California International Marathon in Sacramento in 2:51.01. Thus by a scant .15 sec., she qualified for the Olympic trials, the oldest woman in the world to make the grade. Sister Marion is now training with her coach to compete in two months at the women's running trials in Olympia, Wash. "I won't win there," she admits. "But I'm going because I won the privilege of standing at the line with the greatest."

—By Guy D. Garcia



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## Art

### Picasso: The Last Picture Show

At Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum, the final decade



Self-Portrait, June 30, 1972

That Pablo Picasso (1881-1973) was the most prodigally gifted artist of the 20th century can hardly be in doubt, even among those who can make the effort to see him with a measure of skepticism or detachment. But his last years have always posed a problem. When the Palace of the Popes in Avignon was filled with Picasso's last paintings in the summer of 1973, they caused as much disappointment as surprise. Picasso appeared to have spent his dotage at a costume party in a warehouse. The walls were covered with 17th century dwarfs and musketeers, puffing on pipes and goggling at pudenda. They were painted coarse and quick, with what seemed to be a kind of narcissistic perfunctoriness, as though the old man had become so obsessed with filling out his Don Giovanni catalogue that he could not stop long enough to finish the last entries. The paintings seemed, in the art jargon of the '70s, more process than product, but none the more palatable for that. Nor did the market like them much; collectors who saw the late work as much more than the repetitive spoutings of an old man raging against death were few and far between. Lear à l'espagnol, no doubt, but one need not queue for tickets.

Because of this indifference, it is only now, eleven years since Picasso's death, that a properly done museum show of his last decade can be seen in New York City. It nearly fountered on the way: organized by Art Historian Gert Schiff for New

York University's Grey Art Gallery, it was first canceled for lack of funds, and then revived by the Guggenheim Museum, where it opened March 2. A show like this cannot pretend to contain all the evidence, apart from a huge output of drawings and prints, Picasso made perhaps 400 paintings in the last three years of his life. And yet it draws the profile as it had not been drawn before. Not even the most hard-bitten viewer can contemplate this oeuvre without a degree of awe—a sensation not always identical with aesthetic pleasure. No doubt about it, Picasso painted many bad and some flatly absurd pictures at the end of his life. But the good ones are so good, and in such a weird way, that they utterly transfix the eye, while the drawings (and some of the vast outflow of etchings) possess an assurance, a sensuous ferocity that no other living artist could approach, let alone rival.

Schiff's catalogue essay does an excellent job of dissecting and analyzing the themes of late Picasso, but there are moments when he goes right off the edge. The last period, he declares, "is not a 'swan song,' but the apotheosis of his career." A ten-dollar word: it means transformation into a god. It is what mad Nero dreamed of, and now, on the theological authority vested in the Guggenheim Museum and its trustees, it has come to "O! Cojones."

Why the hyperbole? Because of inflation. Now that every squawking neo-expressionist turkey is treated as an eagle, Picasso, whose angry, abbreviated late

Musketeer with Pipe, 1968



The Artist and His Model, 1964

style is grandfather to the mode of the early '80s, has to be defied, and never mind the language. (One wonders what Schiff would say about late Titian or the old age of Michelangelo.) Actually, Picasso's last decade contains little that can compare with his work in the 30 years after 1907, when his transformation not only of modernist style but of the very possibilities of painting was so vast in scope, deep in feeling and authoritative in its intensity. Then as now he was influencing Pablos, but the earlier ones had better material to work with.

The drawings and prints are the most accessible part of the late work. A large enough part too: even without the famous "Suite 347" etchings of 1968, they run into the thousands and probably have not all been counted even yet. Picasso drew with an immediacy that, in most of us, is reserved only for daydreaming, and anyone who supposes that the rough, wobbly-looking handling of the late paintings is due to the shaky fist of age should look at the drawings, whose linear control is absolute. They make up a theater of characters, some familiar and others not: nudes from the imaginary seraglios of Delacroix and the real brothels of Degas, comic in their pillowy availability; inhabitants of Picasso's Hesiodic arcadia, little whopstraw gods, satyrs, nymphs; musketeers and majas, dwarfs and Velásquez aristocrats. Then there are his own inventions of years before pulled in for a final bow—the women from *Les Demoi-*

*selles d'Avignon*, for instance. Picasso was saying goodbye to sex, and could never see enough of its emblems; so his *scènes galantes* are imbued with a heavy, nostalgic, un deceived randiness.

The paintings are a somewhat different matter. There, despite the apparent outwardness of his vehemence, Picasso was almost crazily hermetic. Later and younger artists could mimic the expressive urgency but not earn the reasons for it. He was an old, ravaging, isolated and tough man in a world without resistances. He had always been preoccupied with the spectacle of himself as Primitive Man: a fiction, but (as worked out across the long panorama of Picasso's *oeuvre*) a consoling and sustaining one. He wanted to go a step further: to paint something that, in defiance of the secular, spiritually exorcised conditions of modern life, would not just challenge but actually invest the viewer with its iconic power—the lost power of the mask. As André Malraux recounted in his memoir of Picasso, *La Tête d'Obsidienne* (and as Art Critic Jed Perl reminds us in a splendid essay on late Picasso in the *New Criterion*), Picasso was obsessed by this project in old age: "I must absolutely find the mask."

Except for a few intense and contorted still lifes, all the paintings in this show are of the human figure, usually centered, glaring outward with the dilated mania of the eye that first transfixed its audience in the preparatory paintings for *Les Femmes d'Alger* three generations before. No exhibition in memory has been so full of eyes (or of anuses and genitals, his other fetish objects). The late work attacks and reattacks art-history themes, figures by Rembrandt, Poussin, Manet, Delacroix, Rousseau. It is culturally saturated, as well as drenched in his macaronic, theatrical and self-mocking sexuality. And yet its obsessive project is to so generalize the image of the figure as to remove it from the sphere of "culture." Picasso hardly ever used models; every figure comes out of the head, and each face (despite the occasionally recognizable features of his last wife, Jacqueline Roque) aspires to the conceptual impact of the "primitive." As paintings, they do not necessarily get better as they get more masklike.

The picture that may be destined to become the most famous late Picasso (his supposed last self-portrait, green and mauve, stubble on the withered, tight ape flesh) is merely banal in its theatricality. But when, as in *The Artist and His Model*, 1964, the grinding contradictions of his formal system lock at last, when the haste and incompleteness of the surface are overcome by the tensions of their massive underpinning, late Picasso has great visceral power—if not, necessarily, the magical efficacy he sought. Even in travesty, he knew the tragic; and though these late paintings are not the best of Picasso (let alone Schiff's "apotheosis"), they are to be valued as fragments of the kind of talent that today seems as distant as the moon itself.

—By Robert Hughes



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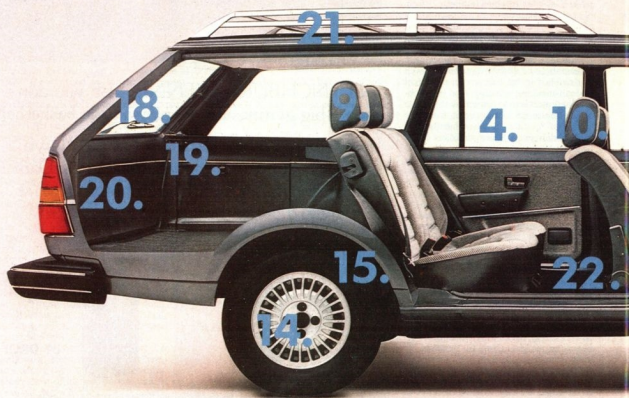
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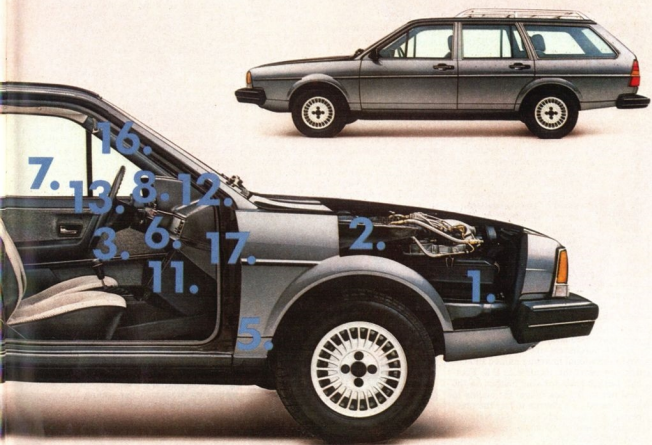
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## Sport

### Spiraling Footballs and Economies

Quarterback Steve Young selects the U.S.F.L. and \$36 million

Steve Young, the great-great-great-grandson of Brigham Young, was 22 before he made his first \$36 million. As amateur actuaries were trying to figure out how a team's outlay of roughly \$9 million could multiply so extravagantly over 43 years, the country was reeling last week at the new going rate for a college quarterback. But nobody was more flabbergasted than Young. Suddenly he saw his whole life laid out to 65, and all of his annuities flashed before him.

In one melancholy burst, he told the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner*, "I'm worrying about my values. Right now I'm a guy having a lot of trouble handling this. I've had times today when I wanted to give it all up. When I decided to sign with the [Los Angeles] Express, it was late. I had promised to give them an answer within a certain time frame. I'd been up for two days straight. It seemed the best thing to do under the circumstances. Then there I am at the press conference, and I'm sweating. I'm thinking, 'What am I doing here?' I'm sure many people don't understand this money. I don't either. On the plane afterward, it was a private plane, just me and my girlfriend, I cried all the way home."

Endearingly, his mother Sherry said, "Right now I could kick him right between the eyeballs." Watching him sweating at the press conference, she thought, "I wanted this kid to enjoy it," but she understood. "He keeps seeing Roger Staubach in front of him." (At these prices, Young may be obliged to become Johnny Unitas.)

"You have to remember, Steve has had a protected life. He doesn't even own a credit card." Until now, his concept of property has been a '65 Oldsmobile. "But he'll be fine, because he's a fighter, a doer. He's just realizing the responsibilities ahead, and he doesn't want to feel he has been purchased body and soul."

The purchasers are fascinating too. An international financier named Bill Oldenburg owns the Express, a U.S. Football League team thriving neither on the field nor at the box office. He claims to have passed up a chance to buy the prosperous Dallas Cowboys of the National Football League: "I could have bought and sold 400 Dallas Cowboys [asking price \$62 million], but their personality and everything has already been estab-



**The Golden Arm at Brigham Young**  
*A guy "worrying about his values."*

lished. I don't get off on that. I get off on building things from the ground up." At his Investment Mortgage International offices in San Francisco, a large Chinese gong is rung whenever a million-dollar deal is set.

Feeling a little like that gong, the 64-year-old N.F.L. has been losing some rather choice material to the two-year-old spring league—from eminent Underclassmen Herschel Walker (newly renegotiated New Jersey Generals contract: \$6 million for four years) and Marcus Dupree (New Orleans Breakers, \$6 million

#### New Jersey General Walker



for five years) to 1983 Heisman Trophy Winner Mike Rozier (Pittsburgh Maulers, \$3 million for three years) and Young, whose playing obligation is four years. A 6-ft-1-in. lefthander, he passed for an average of 395 yds. per game last season. Cincinnati Bengals Assistant General Manager Mike Brown, who intended to choose Young first in the May 1 N.F.L. draft, said, "We were just trying to sign a football player. But the Express is trying to buy credibility in the L.A. market." The N.F.L. is competing for athletes, the U.S.F.L. for attention.

Only old American Football League types will understand this, but Express General Manager Don Klosterman and Coach John Hadl had more than \$36 million with which to tempt the Brigham Young star. They told him about a time in pro football when camaraderie was not just a word. During the great war of the '60s, both men fought jubilantly on the side of the confederacy. Klosterman negotiated with players under goal posts and signed Heisman Trophy Winner Mike Garrett at halftime of the East-West game. Back then, when Kansas City signed a Garrett, the city of Buffalo cheered, just as the Bills' coups were celebrated in San Diego. Hadl was a No. 1 draft choice of the Detroit Lions, but never regretted throwing in with the Chargers, and ended up the N.F.L.'s M.V.P. at Los Angeles in his dotage.

Most A.F.L. sentimentalists use the New York Jets' triumph over the Baltimore Colts in Super Bowl III, the Joe Namath game, to describe the elation available to pioneers. But Hadl told Young of a preseason victory in 1967, which was so emphatic—the Kansas City Chiefs 66, the Chicago Bears 24—that the players in the little league sensed where they stood more than a year before the rest of the country realized. "Our whole league," Hadl said, "was dancing in the street."

In that mood, Klosterman said, "I think we should move from the spring to the fall." But five relatively hale U.S.F.L. locales—Tampa Bay, Michigan, New Jersey, Denver and Philadelphia—are also N.F.L. territories. Three of the largest U.S.F.L. markets—Chicago, Washington and Los Angeles—have been flops. While a 62,300 house was counted the first week of this season in Birmingham, the Stallions might not wish to try Alabama and Auburn head on. Anyway, who would televise the games? Awaiting baseball and good weather, the U.S.F.L. has been achieving unspectacular rating shares, while ticket sales are down.

All of which is enough to daunt any 22-year-old millionaire pioneer. Young has a right to be scared. Even if he were Staubach and Unitas put together, he might still have to be Namath too.

—By Tom Callahan



Rozier

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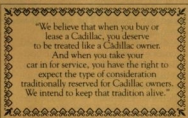
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## Books

### Singing of Skunks and Saints

SWEENEY ASTRAY by Seamus Heaney; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 96 pages; \$13.95

A Dublin paper once decided that he was the "bard of the bogs." Robert Lowell took the high road, designating him the greatest Irish poet since Yeats. Seamus Heaney (pronounced Hay-knee) finds very little comfort in either encomium. "The first annoys me," he grumbles. "The second makes me uncomfortable."

That is as may be; both labels apply. Heaney is very much a product of Ireland's soil, an element he describes as "black butter/ Melting and opening underfoot." And in a land that has produced enough rhymers to people County Mayo, his is the voice that resonates loudest past the Irish Sea to Britain, America and beyond. Heaney's reputation seems to increase geometrically with every poem, starting back in 1966 with the appearance of his first true verse, "Digging." It announced, as William Butler Yeats announced in one of his own early works, that a vocation was being sought: "Living roots awaken in my head/ But I've no spade to follow... / Between my finger and my thumb/ The squat pen rests./ I'll dig with it."

The digging has thus far unearthed five volumes of poetry, including the best-seller *Field Work* (1979). *Sweeney Astray*, to be published next May by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, provides a festival of Heaneyan contradictions. The hero is a modernist ideal: wounded, cunning, lyrical and de-ranked. His name inescapably recalls T.S. Eliot's Irish vulgarism "Apeneck Sweeney... among the nightingales." Yet Heaney's man is not a commoner but a king, and he does not merely listen to birds, he becomes one. *Sweeney Astray* is in fact not an original poem but a brilliant rendition of the 7th century Irish legend *Buile Suibne*. In it, Mad Sweeney slays an innocent psalmist and is cursed for his great offense by St. Roman: "It is God's decree/ bare to the world he'll always be." Thereafter, the king loses a battle, a mind and an identity when he is reduced to a pitiable creature, "wind-scourged, stripped/ like a winter tree/ clad in black frost/ and frozen snow." Flailed by the seasons, run to earth by his enemies, Sweeney, in the epic tradition, finally earns redemption through suffering. In this role, says Heaney, he stands both for every man and for the artist, "displaced, guilty, assuaging himself by his utterance."

Those words are uttered in a melodic Irish intonation by a man who could have modeled for Eliot's caricature. Currently



Seamus Heaney: a voice to resonate beyond the Irish Sea

a poet in residence at Harvard, Heaney is hardly noticed on campus or strolling the Boston waterfront. At 44, he checks in at 5 ft. 10 in. and 200 lbs.; with his shock of thinning gray hair and the thick-fingered hands of a farmer, like his father's and grandfather's before him, he might pass for an immigrant long-shoreman or an off-duty officer. But the appearance is what he calls "the great fur coat of attitude." Beneath it is a wary, hypersensitive poet, alive to the nuances of speech and feeling.

In his spartan rooms at Harvard's Adams House, the poet can be persuaded to summon up his youth in County Derry, outside Belfast. "I was one of eight surviving children," he recalls. One of his earliest poems, "Mid-Term Break," records the funeral of his young brother, struck by a car and buried in "a four foot box, a foot for every year." Young Seamus might have followed his father into the fields, had he not been introduced as a teen-ager to the poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins, the English Roman Catholic convert who became a priest and master poet. "A verse of his described an old farmyard and talked about 'weeds, in wheels, shooed about and lovely and lush.' Something in that language touched some secret storage of imagery that had been there, in my mind, since my childhood in the

outback." The storage room was thoroughly ransacked after graduation from Queens University in Belfast, where he was a scholarship student. Teaching in a Northern Irish secondary school, writing at night and on weekends, Heaney published two volumes of poetry, *Death of a Naturalist* and *Door into the Dark*. But it was not until 1972 that he reversed the procedure, choosing poetry as his main work and lecturing as a sideline. He also chose to move south, to County Wicklow, a suburb of Dublin, with his wife Marie and their three children. "I felt that by throwing up my job and moving and taking the risk of confronting my own emptiness I had the right to the word poet."

Since that epochal year, the poet has published continuously, contributing criticism to scores of quarterlies, editing others, bringing his admixture of exuberance and melancholia to packed houses at European and American colleges. "I have long insisted that the artist who works within the university system pays his way in society," says Heaney. "There's a strong puritanical streak in me that still believes it."

That streak is well hidden in Heaney's verse, which, like Yeats', mixes the familiar—domestic animals, the aroma of a country afternoon, the benison of a

#### Excerpt

“ the bark of foxes  
echoing below me,  
the wolves behind me  
howling and rending—

their vapour tongues,  
their low-slung speed  
shaken off like nightmare  
at the foot of the slope.

If I show my heels  
I am hobbled by guilt.  
I am a sheep  
without a fold . . .

A starry frost will come  
dropping on pools  
and I'll be astray here  
on unsheltered heights:

herons calling  
in cold Glenelg,  
flocks of birds quickly  
coming and going.

I prefer the elusive  
rhapsody of blackbirds  
to the garrulous blather  
of men and women.

”



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## Books

homecoming—with the stuff of legend—myth-haunted Gaelic songs, the discovery of a 1,000-year-old man buried in peat. For Heaney, objects always cast a long shadow: the observation of a skunk, of all animals, brings on a longing for his absent wife: "Your head-down, tail-up hunt in a bottom drawer/ For the black plunge-line nightdress."

No erotic or pastoral turn can long allay the great sorrow of Irish history. Sometimes Heaney confronts it head on, as in "Requiem for the Croppies," composed in memory of the Catholic farm boys who fought the Protestant armies nearly two centuries ago, "on Vinegar Hill, the fatal conclave," where "terraced thousands died, shaking scythes at cannon." Even these acrimonious lines have not satisfied some Irish nationalists who criticize him for refusing to write anti-British broadsides. Counters Heaney: "The job of the artist is to make works of art, not to be involved in one cause or another."

Nonetheless, he speaks frequently of the broken lives up north, of a cousin killed in the Belfast conflict, of the cycle of poverty and rage. "Bigotry is a fact of life in the north, where I grew up," says Heaney. "But I do not think that killing is the way to correct it."

But those recollections are not enough to quash the spirit of a rooted soul who breaks up his four-month stay at Harvard with frequent trips back to Dublin. There he lives on the same Sandymount Strand where James Joyce's hero Stephen Dedalus began his wanderings in *Ulysses*. On his return, the Dublin Dedalus can be found at his desk or, more likely, speaking extempore at one of several local watering spots, where he likes to empty "a jar or two" and, when the spirit moves him, break into song. Mindful of such bibulous predecessors as Dylan Thomas and Brendan Behan, he acknowledges, "People expect that of me. And I do not disappoint them."

Heaney is not above making fun of himself, as he did two years ago when he addressed the Fordham University graduation and used his newly granted title of doctor to prescribe "whisky galore" to the school's students. Still, those who expect yet another rollicking Irish boyo will be let down. Heaney believes that "the faking of feeling is a sin against the imagination," and he would rather be mute than imitate some sophomore's idea of a freer-siver. His most salient characteristic at Harvard or Dublin is in fact a cheerful quiet—until an inspiration strikes him. These silences are explained in a long, autobiographical poem, *Station Island*, in which the ghost of James Joyce stands on a far shore. "Let others wear the sackcloth and the ashes," says the exiled writer. "Let go, let fly, forget./ You've listened long enough. Now strike your note." The next voice you hear will be that of Seamus Heaney, a striking poet in every sense of the word.

—By Peter Stoler

## Victims

"SON" by Jack Olsen  
Atheneum; 434 pages; \$17.95

The retelling of atrocious crimes has produced a genre almost as pernicious as the criminals. Typically, the malefactor is made into a symbol of his surroundings: his private ailments are seen as social ills, his wrongdoings merely the carrying out of humanity's dark impulses. In his psychobiography, the victims become only walk-ons, subordinated to a drama in which everyone is somehow responsible and therefore no one is truly guilty.

Jack Olsen will have none of this. In "Son" he is relentlessly out to study the



**Fred Coe after his arrest in Spokane**  
Junk food, hairstyles and a variety of voices.

evildoer and finger those who made him go wrong. His subject is a well-dressed, intelligent real estate agent who was eventually convicted of committing four brutal rapes in Spokane, Wash., in the late '70s and was suspected of having committed dozens more. The victims were housewives, career women and schoolgirls ranging in age from 14 to 51. Public officials suppressed news of the savage attacks; they wanted no hints of a crime wave in the Lilac City. But word got around, and stocks of Mace and handguns were soon depleted. The undermanned police force began to work overtime, picking up vagrants, drug addicts and recidivists, but with no success.

Fred Coe was not a suspect. His father, Gordon, was the soft-spoken managing editor of the local afternoon paper; his family, respected residents of the city's South Hill district. Extroverted, with a live-in girlfriend, flashy cars and mercantile schemes of fabulous marketing strate-



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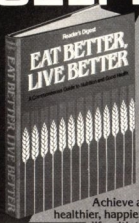
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## Books

gies, Coe fit no precinct's violent-crime profile. But his private life might have come from a chapter of Kraft-Ebing.

Drawing on extensive interviews with Coe's companion, Virginia Perham, Olsen details the rage behind the go-getter smile. The vaunted independence was in fact financed by parental handouts. Often impotent, Coe bragged of his sexual prowess to Perham as if she had not witnessed his failures. He alternately fasted and gorged on junk food, used the name Kevin with girlfriends and clients and spoke in a variety of voice inflections. "Knowing Fred Coe," said a schoolmate, "was like having a platoon of friends."

Every man in the platoon was in thrall to Mommy dearest; at 31, Fred could not resist the pill-popping, unstable Ruth Coe, who was often his "date" at realty open houses. She also accompanied him on frequent hairstyling appointments. "If Kevin hesitated in the middle of a sentence," recalled the receptionist, "Mrs. Coe would fill in the word. They're *that* close!" Then, one evening, after a quarrel about his lack of accomplishment, Ruth vandalized Coe's car. "Don't let Son upset you," she once told Perham. "He's not worth it." Perham, a horrified witness to their scenes, came to see Ruth as Coe's "judge, jury and executioner, Gordon as futile peacemaker and a child called Son in the middle."

Son avenged the humiliations by choosing targets who resembled his dark-haired mother, sometimes jamming a gloved hand far down their throats. The brutal attacks were accompanied by obscene verbal abuse, threats of death and curiously polite asides. After the rape of "Sunshine" Shelly Monahan, a popular Spokane disc jockey, Coe asked the battered woman in executive tones, "How do you plan to further your radio career?"

When he came to the attention of the authorities, Coe was shadowed for several weeks before he was finally arrested. At the trial the Coe family refused an insanity plea and opted for total denial. They played the part of wronged aristocracy, writes Olsen: "Well-chiseled faces, straight noses, full lips, darkly gleaming eyes, careful coiffures. Camelots old and new had never produced a more alluringly matched set." But that was only for show. Offstage, Coe tried to persuade friends to destroy evidence, Olsen says, and the oldest victim made Ruth exclaim, "She's much too ugly to be a convincing witness."

After Coe was found guilty and sentenced to life plus 75 years, one of the longest sentences ever handed down in the state, his mother became obsessed with revenge. Ruth wanted a hired gun to murder the court officers, but she made the mistake of talking to an undercover



Jack Olsen





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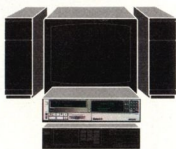
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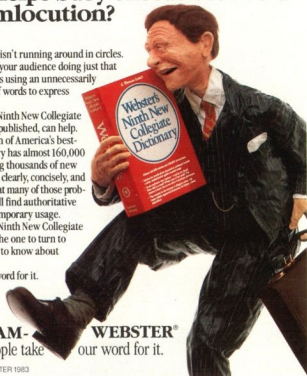
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policeman playing the part of a Mafia hit man. "I would love to see [the prosecutor] just an appleated vegetable," she told him. "I mean diapers and all the rest of it . . . Dead is great. But I do think he should suffer."

As Olsen continually indicates, suffering is the operative word in the lives of almost everyone in "Son." Without prudence, he adds up the aftermath of Coe's vicious spree: years later, some of his victims cannot stand to be touched, a few are frigid, and all are afflicted by violent dreams. Monahan's marriage ended in divorce. Said her husband: "We'd had a good marriage, and after that we just started to go apart." Alone, she slept in a closet. To her, "night smells different from day. Night smells like rape."

The dictionary defines rape as an "outrageous violation" and a victim as "someone badly used." It is to Olsen's great credit that, in a strangely hypnotic, grieving book, he provides these phrases with a human dimension. "Motivless malignity" is a fine phrase in *Othello*; in contemporary life, evil generally has a reason, however perverted. Olsen has tracked it to its source.

—By J.D. Reed

### Editors' Choice

**FICTION:** *The Anatomy Lesson*, Philip Roth • *A House in the Country*, José Donoso • *Leaving the Land*, Douglas Unger • *Life and Times of Michael K*, J.M. Coetzee • *Pitch Dark*, Renate Adler • *The Salt Line*, Elizabeth Spencer

**NONFICTION:** *Charles de Gaulle*, Don Cook • *The Complete Lyrics of Cole Porter*, edited by Robert Kimball • *E.B. White: A Biography*, Scott Ellinger • *Killings*, Calvin Trillin • *Mayor*, Edward L. Koch • *Tales from the Secret Annex*, Anne Frank

### Best Sellers

- FICTION**
1. *Pet Sematary*, King (1 last week)
  2. *Who Killed the Robins Family?*, Adler and Chastain (3)
  3. *Smart Women*, Blume (4)
  4. *Poland*, Michener (2)
  5. *The Aquitaine Progression*, Ludlum
  6. *Almost Paradise*, Isaacs (5)
  7. *The Story of Henri Tod*, Buckley (6)
  8. *The Journeyer*, Jennings
  9. *Berlin Game*, Deighton (8)
  10. *Changes*, Steel (7)

- NONFICTION**
1. *Motherhood*, Bombeck (1)
  2. *Nothing Down*, Allen (3)
  3. *Tough Times Never Last, but Tough People Do!*, Schuller (2)
  4. *Mayor*, Koch (4)
  5. *Lines and Shadows*, Wambaugh (9)
  6. *Weight Watchers Fast and Fabulous Cookbook*, Weight Watchers International (8)
  7. *Putting the One Minute Manager to Work*, Blanchard and Lorber
  8. *In Search of Excellence*, Peters and Waterman (6)
  9. *Creating Wealth*, Allen (10)
  10. *On Wings of Eagles*, Follett (7)

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# Cinema

## Of Hotels, Hoods and a Mermaid

Four new films, but only a finny romance is a hit

### SPLASH

It is axiomatic: if a man falls in love with a mythical creature in a movie, the result is bound to be a gagging spoonful of whimsy. All credit, then, to *Splash* for having a mermaid capable of turning her fins into shapely gams flop up on Manhattan's insalubrious shores, where a quick education in paranoia, cynicism and the perils of materialism has ever been available to out-of-towners. For from that unpromising situation emerges a romantic comedy that is as salty and bracing as a plunge in the surf. Whenever Daryl Hannah, as the sweetly shallow creature from the deep, and Tom Hanks, as the produce merchant who loves her, start to get goopy, there is a New York City street



Salty Daryl

person available to assert the reality principle: Eugene Levy, splendid as a mad scientist who seems to have wandered in from a *Jaws* sequel, or John Candy, fine as a man who thinks *Penthouse* centerfolds are philosophical statements. Before Director Ron Howard and his gaggle of writers (Lowell Ganz, Babaloo Mandel and Bruce Jay Friedman) arrange a satisfactorily romantic ending for their odd couple, they also manage to satirize everything from presidential politics to daytime television. They are a jostling, busily observant, fundamentally good-natured crew, and audiences are well advised to take a plunge on *Splash*.

—By Richard Schickel

### AGAINST ALL ODDS

*Against All Odds* is one of those remedies that inexplicably leave out everything that was interesting and memorable in the original in order to concentrate on the conventional and the routine. Eric Hughes' screenplay is based on *Out of the Past*, which may be the most deliriously convoluted *film noir* ever made, and the new picture retains the clockwork heart of the 1947 Robert Mitchum movie: a gangster hires an investigator to find the woman who has run away from him; when hunter and hunted meet and fall in love, the hood suffers a criminal loss of temper. But it has misplaced the suffering romantic soul of its model, which expressed itself through narration and dialogue that recollected tacky things past in tough, cynically charged metaphors and through images as shadowed as an ambiguous memory. It was all rather as if Philip Marlowe had decided to stake out his sus-



Tempress Rachel

pect disguised as Marcel Proust. Director Taylor Hackford, who did *An Officer and a Gentleman*, has banished darkness from his remake and told memory to take a hike. He works in a relentlessly sun-drenched present, and his central figures (Jeff Bridges, Rachel Ward and James Woods) are used as symbols, not of the past's sweet cheats but of tedious corruption and the lost paradise of Los Angeles. The result is a flat, dumbly brutal movie, full of overplotted complexity and empty of all emotional resonance, except that provided by the presence of Jane Greer (the original film's dark lady, here doing a supporting role) and Richard Widmark, who stalked many a stylish mean street in better movie days. Their participation is both a pleasure and a curse. Simply by lending their veteran gifts to this retreat, they remind us that progress is not Hollywood's most important product.

—R.S.

### THE HOTEL NEW HAMPSHIRE

One can almost hear this eager whisper down the corridors of Orion Pictures: "*The Hotel New Hampshire* could be the *Tom Jones* of the American '80s." Same director (Tony Richardson), same teeming fresco of endearing eccentrics, same Rabelaisian appetite for sex as the main course in the banquet of life, same giddy mixture of the farcical and the funereal, same pilfering of every silent-comedy trick from fast-motion camerabatics to actors who step out of character to wink knowingly at the audience.

Big difference, though. The domestic surrealism of John Irving's novel, a sort of tragicomic *You Can't Take It with You*, surrenders to the discipline of cinema narrative only after a struggle. His characters operate on obsession and whim ("I'm a grizzly bear!" "I've got to have sex with my sister!" "Hey, kids, let's all move to Vienna!") as the labyrinthine logic of Fate gives way to an author's caprice. On this *Widmark Mouse* ride of moods and motives, *Life* goes on. Death comes in, windows open, options close. Try making a movie out of that.

Richardson, who also wrote the screenplay, has tried his hardest to be both free and faithful to the story, and with considera-



Sensible Jodie

bly more brio than was displayed in the lamentable screen adaptation of Irving's previous book, the wondrous *The World According to Garp*. As in the synopsis-defying novel, the Berry family muddles through the mismanagement of a bunch of hotels, half a dozen dalliances and more than any family's rightful share of abrupt deaths. Trouble is, both the film and the characters are as preposterously buoyant as the giant balloon animals in a Thanksgiving Day parade. They rarely touch the earth, which makes it hard for them to touch a moviegoer's heart.

From among the large cast, many recruited from the New York stage, kudos goes to: Jodie Foster, sensibly raunchy as the eldest Berry child; Rob Lowe, as her brother, who registers the dreamy horniness of adolescence; Lisa Banes as the most tolerant of mothers in a patriarchal family; and Jennie Dundas as Lilly, the half-pint-size author for whom life is just too short. These attractive actors often come close to embodying Irving's message: the adhesives of blood and affection can help even a weird family stick together like Velcro.

—By Richard Corliss

### MIKE'S MURDER

Most "overnight stars" have a few skeletons in their closets: low-budget movies made when they were struggling for attention, then exhumed by some fringe distributor trying to cash in on a brand name. *Mike's Murder*, which stars Debra Winger as a bank teller lured into the paranoia of the cocaine underworld, is a skeleton in a super-closet: the picture was made in 1982 between Winger's two big hits, *An Officer and a Gentleman* and *Terms of Endearment*, and was perpetrated by James Bridges, the writer-director whose previous films include *The China Syndrome* and *Urban Cowboy*. The pedigree of *Mike's Murder* matters not; this picture is a dog.

Bridges must have spent a lot of time recently watching bad French movies. Every cliché of existential anomie—the aimless driving, the heavy smoking, the elliptical dialogue, the motel-room angst—has been imported to the seedier suburbs of Los Angeles. Saddest of all is the use to which Winger, who shares laurels with Sissy Spacek as the most affecting and natural of Hollywood's bright young actresses, has been put. Forced to play a woman with no past and little presence, who is part blah and part blasé, Winger discards her quirky charms to walk through the movie like a puzzled zombie. Did she do *Mike's Murder* as a favor to Bridges, who in *Urban Cowboy* gave Winger her first meaty role? It looks more like penance.

—R.C.



Poor Debra

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## Milestones

**DIVORCED.** **Sting** (real name Gordon Sumner), 32, spiky-haired lead singer for the rock group the Police; by **Frances Tomelty**, 36, English stage actress; after eight years of marriage (the last two living apart), two children; in London.

**DIED.** **Tito Gobbi**, 70, Italian baritone considered one of the finest singing actors of his generation, best known for such operatic roles as the sinister Scarpia in *Tosca*, Iago in *Otello*, and the title character in *Rigoletto*; of cancer; in Rome.

**DIED.** **Eleanor Gehrig**, 79, widow of New York Yankee Star Lou Gehrig; in New York City. A high-spirited Chicago socialite, Eleanor Twitchell met the baseball slugger at Chicago's Comiskey Park and married him in 1933. Their life together, dramatized in the 1942 movie *The Pride of the Yankees* and the 1977 TV film *A Love Affair*, ended after eight years, with his death at 37 of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis.

**DIED.** **William Powell**, 91, suave actor whose resonant voice and easygoing elegance made him the movies' pre-eminent American gentleman; in Palm Springs, Calif. His silky good looks and pencil-thin mustache first got him typed as a villain in silent films, but when sound arrived, Powell became an expert at sophisticated comedy, appearing in such films as *My Man Godfrey*, *The Great Ziegfeld* (both 1936) and most unforgettablely the six *Thin Man* movies (1934-47), in which he and Co-Star Myrna Loy were Nick and Nora Charles, the models for dozens of witty Hollywood sleuths to follow. Powell aged gracefully on-screen, playing the irascible patriarch in the 1947 film *Life With Father* (for which he received one of his three Oscar nominations) and the ship's doctor in his final film, *Mister Roberts* (1955).

**DIED.** **Martin Niemöller**, 92, German theologian, preacher and pacifist who spent seven years in Nazi concentration camps for his outspoken opposition to Adolf Hitler; in Wiesbaden, West Germany. A U-boat commander during World War I, he became a minister in the Lutheran Evangelical Church in 1924. Though an early Nazi supporter, Niemöller led the clerical opposition after Hitler came to power in 1933, crying, "Not you, Herr Hitler, but God is my Führer." Hitler responded by sending him to the Sachsenhausen concentration camp in 1938 and later to Dachau. After the war's end, Niemöller worked to rebuild the Protestant Church in Germany, and served as co-president of the World Council of Churches from 1961 to 1968. He continued to propound controversial views, arguing that Germans must bear collective guilt for World War II, defending pacifism resolutely and opposing many of the West's anti-Communist policies, including U.S. involvement in Viet Nam.





Scotto and Domingo in *Francesca*: lust and mayhem in medieval Italy

## Music

### Looking for a Lost Generation

*The Met stages Zandonai's Francesca da Rimini*

One of the quirks of 20th century music is that Italian opera should have gone into such decline. Italy, after all, gave birth to bel canto, and is the homeland of Rossini, Bellini and Verdi. Yet the effervescent melodic line that began with Monteverdi during the Renaissance exhausted itself with the death of Giacomo Puccini in 1924, and has been only fitfully revived by such contemporary figures as the late Luigi Dallapiccola. There is, it seems, a lost generation of Italian opera composers. But what happened to them?

Last week the Metropolitan Opera offered a few clues as it staged a new production of Riccardo Zandonai's hot-blooded thriller *Francesca da Rimini*. First performed in 1914, *Francesca* was one of a number of works that attempted to transcend romantically the naturalistic action of *verismo*, using the more advanced harmonic language and orchestral technique of Wagner to create a new direction for opera. In *La Fanciulla del West* (1910), Puccini had pointed the way, and several younger men were eager to inherit his mantle: Italo Montemezzi, with *L'Amore del Re* (1913); Ildebrando Pizzetti, with *Fedra* (1915); and Zandonai. But the attempt failed; although all three continued to compose into the mid-century, it was left to Puccini to write fine to traditional Italian opera with *Turandot*, which premiered posthumously in 1926.

Zandonai's failure was primarily due to the lack of a strong individual style. For all its harmonic piquancies and orchestral sleight of hand, the score of *Francesca* sounds derivative—a touch of Puccini, a sprinkle of Debussy, a pinch of Wagner. Further, it lacks a single memorable melody, the essential ingredient that keeps a relic like Francesco Cilea's *Adriana*

*Lecouvreur* on the boards. Its plot, however, is operatic gold. Based on a play by Gabriele d'Annunzio, it recounts an episode from Dante's *Inferno*. Francesca (Soprano Renata Scotto) is tricked into marrying the deformed Glianciotto (Baritone Cornell MacNeil) when his handsome brother Paolo (Tenor Plácido Domingo) comes courting in his place. Inevitably, though, wife and brother-in-law fall into an adulterous embrace and are discovered by Glianciotto, who murders them.

To its credit, the Met has given *Francesca* the full star treatment. Domingo is in top form, Scotto's kittenish acting is appropriate, even if her distressing vocal wobble is not, and MacNeil's fraying baritone sounds better than it has in years. Ezio Frigerio's sets evoke both the splendor and the asceticism of medieval Ravenna and Rimini, but Director Piero Faggioni compensates for the music's static quality by moving the cast around a bit too hectically. The second act, however, is spectacular. It depicts a ferocious battle between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, replete with whizzing crossbow arrows and hurtling fireballs. Conductor James Levine goes straight for the jugular, giving *Francesca*'s high quotient of lust and mayhem its full due.

Despite the flaws, there is ample reason to stage a curiosity like *Francesca*. A steady diet of masterpieces serves to dull, rather than heighten, the appreciation of those qualities that set genius apart from talent. If more great composers were heard in historical context, the magnitude of their achievements might be more apparent. With its fiery plot and ripe score, *Francesca* makes for an invigorating evening in the opera house. Sometimes that is enough.

—By Michael Walsh

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## Essay

# Whose Country Is It Anyway?

The Supreme Court last week reached a decision allowing cities to display Nativity scenes, after considering whether minority interests would be impaired. At the same time, the Senate began debate on a constitutional amendment to counteract the Supreme Court's 1962 decision on school prayer, which had come into being only because of a perceived infringement of minority rights. That these matters are hurled about the court would seem to suggest they are legal puzzles dealing with the First and 14th Amendments. But the issue also involves human feelings. When a member of a minority loses a sense of belonging to the country, the country deliberates, sometimes changes shape, and occasionally comes apart.

To anyone but an American this may seem preposterously unfair, not to say illogical. If most Americans, being Christian, want crèches in the public squares and prayers in the public schools, why should they be forced to back down for a discomfited handful? Whose country is it anyway? And then there is the time-honored (and politically useful) association of the national identity with God. In spite of radicals like Jefferson and Madison, who erected the so-called wall of separation between church and state, the fact is that from the start the Government has been bound up with religion. In the majority's name are there Army chaplains, House and Senate chaplains, prayers for Congress. Not even the Supreme Court meets without calling for God's blessing.

Why, then, does the majority not have the right to establish, through its Government, a religious character for the country? In most cases no harm is intended. Read the tepid nonsectarian prayer that led to the 1962 decision, and you wonder what all the breast beating was about: "Almighty God, we acknowledge our dependence upon Thee, and we beg Thy blessings upon us, our parents, our teachers and our country." Similarly, how could plaster-of-paris figures in Pawtucket, R.I., have alarmed anybody but the A.C.L.U., which brought the suit?

The two issues are not the same size. Many who could not care less about the crèche in Pawtucket would go to the wall of separation on the school-prayer decision, but both issues derive from minority protests. Without malice or belligerence, a Christian could reasonably ask: Whose country is it anyway?

Nor is that a question to which minorities reply automatically, "As much mine as yours." No one really believes that, there being too much painful evidence to the contrary. Still, many members of minorities wholeheartedly enjoy their status because it gives them a useful relationship to the mainstream. Imamu Amiri Baraka (Leroi Jones) remarked that a black writer has an advantage because, being black, he has been forced to live in an isolated room in the nation's house, thus when he emerges from that room into the rest of the house, he knows the entire structure. So too for any Irishman, Chinese, Puerto Rican, a member of a minority religion or of none at all. Without a sense of unbelonging, one might never cast a critical eye on the majority culture, which in a way minorities cherish for their difference from it.

Then, too, minorities often take genuine pleasure in the culture of the majority. Many Jews enjoy the Christmas season for its songs and geniality, without feeling put upon to convert or run and hide. Buddhists may dye Easter eggs. Things inevitably get tense whenever a minority seeks to hold on to some cultural tenet that goes against the American grain (e.g., Mormons and polygamy),

but in less extreme cases the tension works out to a compromise. Those who make concessions to the majority culture may be scorned as Uncle Toms or assimilationists, yet accommodation does not necessarily entail a loss of integrity or self-respect. If the hordes of immigrants who contemplated coming to America had not envisioned some definable majority culture that they admired, they might not have made the trip in the first place.

What, then, is the fuss about? Why on issues such as the Nativity display and school prayer cannot the majority simply say, "Take it or leave it"? On the crèche issue, that is what the court decided it could say, though not without a lot of irrelevant hand wringing about the "passive symbolism" of the Nativity display as opposed to the "active symbolism," say, of the cross. (The distinction is meaningless.) In the matter of school prayer, the court continues to hold its ground, but why? And why not have an amendment allowing everyone to pray to his or her God, or to none?

Four reasons. First, the voluntary nature of school prayer would be compromised by the fact that a public institution was handling it. Second, no matter how earnestly school officials would protest that the God referred to is anybody's God, it is almost inevitable that God in a public institution will appear to take on the religion of the majority. A Jewish child would know that he is being invited to pray to a Christian God, who seems to bear no resemblance to the God of his synagogue, and an atheist would have no picture in the scheme whatever. Third, school prayer does not allow full freedom of choice because it deals with children, and in an educational situation; if a school says, "Pray (or do what you feel like)," a child assumes that prayer is a part of learning. Finally, school prayer violates a fundamental assumption of



American life, one that has something to do with privacy, something with freedom of speech, and something less codified and explicit: that one ought to be able to retain one's humanity without being made to feel a pariah in one's own country.

Of these four, the last may be the most important, since it goes to the heart of the minority-majority relationship. This is a country of outsiders, majority and minority alike. Government in America, for all its clauses and amendments, is basically a moral contract in which the minorities make concessions, but so does the majority. And the main concession the majority makes is never to use its power at the expense of individual humanity. How can one conduct prayers in a public institution without interfering with the sacrosanct relationship of a person with himself? People in a democracy hold dual citizenship; they are citizens of their country and citizens of their souls. When the state starts imposing on the soul, democracy is in trouble.

That President Reagan happens to be the one proposing the socialist solution to the American faith problem has its ironic element, but is beside the point. Public opinion polls indicate there is a vast majority feeling that God is good for children and that the Government ought to say so. If by saying so, however, the Government begins to destroy its principles from the inside, what then? For a big place this is an awfully delicate country, the nettles so intricately drawn that everyone feels the same reverberations. Even schoolchildren. It seems hard to believe that the whole enterprise could be endangered for one small child standing off to the side wondering if he belongs. But whose country is it anyway?

—By Roger Rosenblatt

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